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Song.

I wore your roses yesterday;
About this light robe's folds of white,
Wherein their gathered sweetness lay,
Still clings their perfume of delight.

And all in vain the warm wind sweeps
These airy folds like vapor fine,
Among them still the odor sleeps,
And haunts me with a dream divine

So to my heart your memory clings,
So sweet, so rich, so delicate;
Eternal summer-time it brings,
Defying all the storms of fate:

A power to turn the darkness bright,
Till life with matchless beauty glows;
Each moment touched with tender light,
And every thought of you a rose!

Hardly Earned.

To her humble room at last returned,
To seek for the rest so hardly earned,
The poor little teacher has come.
She has patiently worked the long, long day,
To read and to spell she has taught the way,
And unraveled many a sum.

She has guided the strokes of tiny hands,
Tracing winding rivers through foreign lands
Till all the lessons were said;
And the evening hour is here once more,
That comes when labor at last is o'er,
The weary struggle for bread.

The heights of knowledge are hard to reach,
And the tiny heads that she tries to teach,
How stupid they sometimes seem!
Her heart is weary with toil and care.
And the aching head lies helpless there,
Watching the firelight's gleam.

The shadows fall on the tired eyes,
The hand of sleep on her eyelids lies—
There is rest for the toiler now;
The cheerful kettle its story speaks,
The firelight plays on the pallid cheeks,
Peace falls on the care-worn brow.

No friend or lover is waiting near,
No lips to kiss her, no voice to cheer,
Only the angel of sleep;
He comes to quiet the sorrowful moan
Of the woman-heart that is all alone,
And his gentle watch to keep.

CRIPPY THE CABIN BOY.

Whatever were his real name, sir, said the old sailor, as he settled himself back comfortably in his chair after lighting his pipe, I never knowd; but the purser's name we knowd him by were "Crippy." Wherever the old man got him I don't know; some said as how he come of some asylum or other, and some said he were a illigitimate son of the old man by some stewardess that he'd had with him, but that I don't believe, cause I don't believe it's into any man to treat his own flesh and blood as I seen that boy treated; but, anyway, he were a most miserble lookin' wretch when I first laid eyes on him, which were when the old man came on board in the arternoon, and we got under way and towed down and anchored in the Horseshoe, canse the wind was southeast and dead ahead. She were a big lump of a bark, bound from New York to Rio, and I had shipped into her cause I were hard up and times was hard, and I were glad to git a chance to go anywheres, and I didn't know nothin' about this here old man; his name were Thompson, and he were a infernal rascal.

I took my bag and hammock aboard of her, alongside of the dock, and me and another chap by the name of Tim Walker was the only two that went out into the river with her; but durin' the day the other five was brung off—there was only seven of us afore the mast—and along about four o'clock the old man came off, and he brung this atomy of a boy with him, and we got the anchor and towed down into the Horseshoe, where we anchored at a little harbor arter six o'clock.

If ever there were a human that looked as if he'd just desarted from a graveyard it were this here Crippy. He were as thin as the leaf of a psalm book in the first place; he had red hair, which probably had never been combed since the day he were born; one of his eyes was clewed athwartships and the other were tronbled with some kind of disease which kep' it a-runnin' all the time, the grime from the eye constantly plowin' a furrow in the dirt on that cheek, which give it a kind of a streaked appearance on that side, contrastin' oddly with the plain dirt of the other cheek. His nose were short and turned up at the end, and his mouth were so wide that when he opened it the top of his head seemed to be an island. Two of his front teeth had been knocked out by the old man in one of his tantrums, and he had one upper tusk that ought to have been knocked out, 'cause it stuck right out, and no amount of lip would cover it. His clothes were the cast-off dunnage of the old man, and fitted him like a purser's shirt on a handspike. His breeches, bein' a good deal too long, was turned up at the bottom; his weskit reached well down amidships, and the tails of his claw-hammer coat was only jist clear of the deck when he walked. As the old man came over the side, he waited until this Crippy came over, and then, fetchin' him a wipe alongside of the head which made the poor boy stagger, he pitched a bundle of papers to him, tellin' him to stow 'em away in his room, and to see everythin' to rights there, "and mind you, young whelp," says the old man, "if I find anythin' wrong there when I come below, you'll catch it; so mind how you draw your hair strokes."

I had the watch from ten to eleven, and along about quarter-past ten, as I were sittin' on the windlass end smokin', I heerd the most ouarthly screechin' aft, and I goes along for to see what were the matter. The bark had a half poop trunk cabin, and gittin' on to this, I looked down the skylight and there saw this here Crippy strapped down to a settee, and the old man a-givin' it to him with a small cat which he had made out of ratlin stuff, and it were him a screechin' that I had heard. Well, sir, of course, it weren't no business of mine; boys aboard of a ship must be flogged, if you ever expects to make anythin' out of 'em, and this here particular boy seemed to belong more to the old man than to the ship; still, I must say, I felt a good deal like goin' in and hollerin' "enough" to the old man, 'cause it seemed to me he were a-givin' him a little too much, no matter what he had done wrong. Well, arter whalin' him till he got tired, the old man went and turned in, leavin' the poor boy strapped face down to the settee, and there he were when I were relieved at eleven o'clock, and there he remained, I were told afterwards, till the steward turned out in the mornin' and loosened him and set him to work. He could scarcely stand up when the steward cast him loose, 'cause he were stiff from remainin' in one position and sore from the wallopin' he'd had, and so the steward he had to cuff and beat him a little to make him more spry.

Well, sir, we got under weigh next day with a crackin' breeze from nort west, and in two or three days was out across the Gulf and into fine weather.

But their weren't no fine weather for us aboard that hooker; it were work all day and miserable grub and constant abuse from the officers. I come early to grief, cause I weren't used to such treatment, and when the second mate give me a clout side of the head for to make me move faster, I jist hauls off and lets him have one atwixt the eyes that laid him out senseless for a time. Well, the mate he came for'ard, and I jist told him for to keep his hands off of me; that if I had done any wrong I'd go in irons, and so he put me in irons, and I were locked up in one of the staterooms. I weren't kep' long though, cause I were in the second mate's watch, and there were only three of us, and takin' me out left but two, and the second mate had for to do my share of the work, which he didn't like, so he got me let out after twenty-four hours. The old man, he says: "I ought for to keep you in irons to the end of the v'yage, and then hand you over to the consul, but as I needs your sarvices, I will let you turn to if you will promise to behave." Says I: "Captain Thompson, I has been into ships to which this here bark ain't fit to be nothing but a jolly-boat, and I has always behaved myself satisfactory. The work aboard of this craft is hard and humbuggin', and the grub is poor and abuse frequent; all that I can stand, and mean to, till sich times as I can change, but blows I won't stand, neither from you nor your officers, and if you chooses to let me out of irons onto them terms well and good, I'll do my duty; and if not, not." So on that I were let out of irons, and though the second mate gave me all the dirty jobs to do that he could think of, he didn't never strike me no more.

Well, sir, it would take me too long for to tell you of all the cruelties I seen practiced onto this Crippy. The old man seemed to be delighted if he could only torment this poor boy. He were mortally timid, and they used for to make him go out onto the end of the spanker-boom when she were pitchin', and ride it for hours. They called that "ridin' St. Anthony." Sometimes in very light weather they'd head him up in a barrel, cuttin' a hole for his head to come through, and then ballastin' the barrel and chuckin' it overboard, a-makin' believe they was a-goin' to leave him for good and all, and then, arter leavin' him away astern, the old man would lower a boat and pick him up. Sometimes when she'd be goin' two or three knots the old man would have a whip rove at the main yardarm, and he would bend the end of it onto Crippy jist under his arms and run him out over the side. He'd first let him drop three or four times into the water, and then he'd run him about half way up to the yard-arm and leave him swingin'. It weren't that there were anythin' very bad in these deviltries, except for the mortal terror they gave to the lad, and his screechin's were jist awful to hear at these times. I don't believe any lickin' the old man ever giv' him were half as bad as these frights that he got.

Well, to cut this here short, we got to Rio at last, arter a very long passage, which I thought would never end, and arter dischargin' we hauled in abreast of the coffee warehouse for to git our load of coffee. I determined that I wouldn't go no further into that craft, but as Rio are a bad place for to run away in I had arranged it with a old chum of mine aboard of the bark Margaret, what had got her load and were bound to Baltimore, for to stow me away aboard of her. The night I went aboard of her I had the anchor watch from twelve to one, and I got all my dunnage into my bag and were jist a goin' over the side with it when who should appear before me but this here Crippy. "You're goin' for to run away," says he. "O, take me with you, Tom; take me with you, for God's sake!" And the little atomy flopped down on his knees on the deck afore me, as if I'd been his guardian all my life. I were completely took aback, for it were one of the old man's rules that this here chap weren't never to speak to us chaps afore the mast, and this here mite had never had so much to say to me afore. However he got to know I were a-goin' I can't say, but here he were down on the deck afore me a beseechin', and I tell you what it is, sir, I jist felt that I'd stand to that boy till the last drop of my blood if necessary. If I couldn't stand that craft, how much more couldn't he, that had so much more to bear? And I says to him: "Take you with me? Of course I will, my boy; and I'll jist like to see the man as would try for to stop me," and I felt uncommon like whalin' somebody jist then.

Well, sir, we goes aboard of the Margaret, and we finds my chum, who were a-waitin' for me. He were rather took aback when he seed Crippy, but I telled him enough about the boy for to make it right, and we were stowed away snug down into the fore peak. I were told arterwards that the old man had all the police of Rio at work for to hunt us up. He didn't care so much for me as for the boy; he wanted him, and promised somethin' awful in the way of whalin' if he caught him, which he never didn't do no more. The day arter we got to sea I come out and I goes to the mate and says I: "I'm a stowaway aboard of your ship, sir, but I'm a good sailor man, and can arn my grub. I've got a chap with me that won't eat much, even if he can't do much work, and I'm willin' for to do his share of work as well as my own. We've left the bark we were in because she were a hell afloat," and I ups and I tells this mate of the way I'd seen Crippy abused. Well, would you believe it, sir, I actually struck a soft spot into this here mate, and he cottoned right to that boy at once, and says he: "You've done jist right, my man, and I'm glad for to have you aboard; I'll take that boy aft and let him take care of my room, and that'll be easy work for him."

The next time I seed Crippy, sir, I hardly know'd him. He'd got his face washed clean, and the mate had rigged him out complete in a set of his toggery. It were rather large for Crippy, but it done better than the rags he had been a wearin'. The boy got to be a great favorite, both with the mate and the old man; he were such a willin' chap, and in consequence of my bringin' him I had good, easy times of it, and when we got to Baltimore the old man offered for to k ep Crippy and make a man of him; but the lad had suffered so much at sea that he were determined he would starve to death on shore afore ever he'd go on blue water agin; so the old man he shoved him off onto a parson in Baltimore, and here I lost sight of him, 'cause I shipped in a brig that were goin' to Montevideo for hides, and went away to sea.—*New York World.*

Oat Meal for Children.

M. Dujardin has been experimenting with oat meal as a food for young children. He made use of a jelly prepared by soaking a tablespoonful of the meal in a glass of water for twelve hours, then straining through a sieve and bolting till the whole assumes the consistence of jelly, and adding sugar or salt to taste. According to analysis, one hundred grammes of the meal contains 8.7 grammes of water, 5.7 of fatty matters, 2.5 of starch, 12.5 of nitrogenous matters, 1.5 of mineral substances, and 7.6 of cellulose, dextrine and loss. Its nutritious value, therefore, as food for children, in regard to nitrogenous or plastic elements, and such as are respiratory, is analogous to that of human milk or cow's milk. Besides these, it contains more iron than do most of the articles of food. Four newly-born infants were fed with the preparation just described, and in every case with satisfactory results. In addition to its qualities as food, it acts efficiently against colic and diarrhea. It enters into the composition of the syrup of Luther, which is said to be much used in Germany. M. Gillette, surgeon of the hospital of Melun, has also given oat meal combined with cow's milk to six children, and finds it to be a valuable food in cases where the natural supply of milk is deficient.

Very Dirty.

The English colliers must be a nice set of men. At a recent meeting of a local board the question of providing public baths was raised, when one of the members said he had heard of a collier who boasted that he had not been washed all over for thirty years. Another gentleman said the colliers avoided washing, as they thought it weakened them; while still another said the men would rather pay five dollars on a dog fight than twelve cents for a bath.

SEA SERPENTS.

The Great Probability that the Stories about Them are Not all Sailors' Yarns.

The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* publishes an account of a sea serpent seen by a gentleman whom it describes as "well known and reliable." His story is that while the steamer Roman was on her way from Boston to Philadelphia, and was near the lighthouse on the extremity of Cape Cod, he and others had their attention called to what they at first supposed to be a shark, as a small but short dorsal fin appeared above the water, but afterwards had reason to believe was a sea serpent. Being attacked by a swordfish, it raised its flat and tortoise-like head fully ten feet out of the water, thus giving the party an opportunity of observing it more closely. It had a dorsal and several lateral fins, looked slimy, and was covered with large and coarse scales. About four weeks before this occurrence the animal had first been seen near Cape Cod, and several whale boats had been fitted out to capture it. They estimated its length to be about sixty feet, but the pilot said that it had run alongside of the Roman a few weeks previously and that then its length was thought to be at least one hundred and twenty feet.

This account, which is evidently given in good faith, recalls the numerous stories of enormous sea serpents which have long formed a large part of the stock of the old salt when spinning yarns in the forecastle, as well as of others who are naturally supposed to adhere to the truth more closely than sailors do. But the testimony which should lead to the belief that sea serpents do in reality exist is not to be cavalierly set aside except for very much better reasons than have ever been brought forward. It is not contrary to experience that enormous marine animals should exist; we know that they exist now, and some gigantic fossils show that at one period of the earth's history they abounded in great numbers. There is much direct testimony to their existence in modern times. On August 6, 1848, H. M. S. Daedalus, on her way from the Cape of Good Hope to St. Helena, came across a sea serpent. Captain McQuhae and the officers observed it with glasses at a distance of six hundred feet and distinctly traced its eye, mouth, nostril, and form; it resembled an animal of the lizard type rather than a serpent, and its movement was steady, rapid, and uniform, as if propelled by fins rather than by undulating power. The size seemed to be enormous, but as only a part of the animal was out of water no correct estimate could be made of its length. On the 12th December, 1857, the ship Castilian, bound from Bombay to Liverpool, and being twelve miles from St. Helena, passed a sea monster which is thus described by Captain G. H. Harrington, Mr. W. Davies, and Mr. E. Wheeler, the three chief officers of the ship:

While myself and officers were standing on the leeside of the poop, looking toward the island, we were startled by the sight of a huge marine animal, which reared its head out of the water within twenty yards of the ship, when it suddenly disappeared for about half a minute and then made its appearance in the same manner again, showing us distinctly its neck and head about ten or twelve feet out of water. Its head was shaped like a long nun-buoy, and I suppose the diameter to have been seven or eight feet in the largest part, with a kind of scroll or tuft of loose skin encircling it about two feet from the top. The water was discolored for several hundred feet from its head, so much so that on its first appearance my impression was that the ship was in broken water; but the second appearance completely dispelled those fears, and assured us that it was a monster of extraordinary length, which appeared to be slowly moving toward the land. The ship was going too fast to enable us to reach the masthead in time to form a correct estimate of its extreme length, but from what we saw from the deck we conclude that it must have been over two hundred feet long. * * I am convinced that it belonged to the serpent tribe; it was of a dark color about the head, and was covered with several white spots.

Between 1844 and 1846 there were several reported appearances of this monster in the seas fronting the United States and Canada, and at about the same period a similar creature was seen near the shores of Norway, considered as identical with one depicted in Pontoppidan's "Natural History of Norway." Twenty years before such a serpent had been repeatedly seen on the coast of the United States, and also about 1806 and 1818. The accounts given of such sights are consistent, and there seems to be no earthly reason for rejecting them, except because they sound like sailors' yarns, which are no tougher than travelers' tales, such as that of Du Chaillu when he told of the discovery of that remarkable animal, the gorilla, and was generally disbelieved. Strictly speaking, the existence of enormous marine "serpents" is not improbable, and this last report of one seen will add to he credibility of the older accounts.

Fever Diet.

Dr. Laton, of Rheims, states that for the last four years he has treated typhoid by an absolute water diet. Nothing but good fresh filtered water, occasionally iced, is permitted to be taken. At first, he says, it is taken with avidity, then in moderation, and at last with signs of satiety; it is sometimes vomited at first, but is soon tolerated; at the beginning of the treatment the bowels may be a little relaxed, but they soon become moderate and less offensive, and after a time constipation may ensue. The duration of this treatment depends upon the progress of the disease; that is, between four and five days of water exclusively may be required, if the fever be treated as a whole, but three or four days suffice if only the intestinal element of the disease be considered. A light alimentation may then be allowed—milk, unboiled, may be mixed with the water and given by spoonfuls, and if well supported for a time, to be followed by broth and soup. Under this treatment the mortality is very low, no evil results ensue, and serious complications, including visceral congestions and bed sores at once disappear.

Met his Death.

The way of the transgressor is hard, but one of the most startling cases of speedy punishment for crime is found in the death of the supposed river thief who was killed by the explosion and fire on board the lighter, at Jersey City, N. J. He was seen to go into the cabin of the lighter and, it is supposed, lit a match to see what plunder could be discovered, ignited the gas from the crude oil and so sent himself and the boat to destruction. Later in the day his charred and shapeless body was found floating in the river, a shocking spectacle. There is something so horrible and swift in this sudden meeting out of justice that, mayhap, it will have the effect of proving a salutary lesson for other thieves.

ONE AT A TIME.—When Arthur was a very small boy his mother reprimanded him one day for some misdemeanor. Not knowing it, his father began to talk to him on the same subject. Looking up in his face, Arthur said solemnly: "Mother has 'tended to me."

Anxiety with a Substantial Foundation.

A young lady in Virginia writes the New York *Ledger* a long, confiding letter, expressive of deep anxiety springing from a source which is not only rational in itself, but which must be applicable to many cases besides her own. She is in love and is engaged to be married. Her suitor desires that the marriage should take place the coming autumn. She has no well-grounded objection to this except one: She is afraid her future husband will be disappointed when he finds out how little she knows about housekeeping; "and" she sensibly adds, "if I think he is dissatisfied, of course that will blight my happiness. There is nothing," she continues, "to prevent our being married at any time, with this exception."

We think this is an obstacle of a very serious character, and, as against an immediate marriage, is sufficient. No young woman ought to get married until she understands every department of housekeeping. And there is no excuse for any one not understanding housekeeping in all its branches. The only thing in the way of learning is indolence; for one opportunity or another can always be found or made.

The advice we give to our correspondent is appropriate to all other young ladies similarly situated. It is to learn all about housekeeping as soon as possible. It is a kind of knowledge of which every one may well be proud. There is no art in which woman can be more useful.

Nor is it to be looked upon as a merely humdrum, matter-of-fact business, by any means. Far from it. There is good nature, amiability, generosity in a good dinner; and there is rest, there is quiet, there is peace, there is contentment in a well ordered house.

We would say to every engaged young lady: If you wish to retain the love and admiration of your future husband, one important step toward it is to excel in housekeeping.

A Fearful Means of Saving Life.

In the Fort Wayne *Sentinel* mention was made of a difficult and painful surgical operation performed upon the person of Mrs. Frank Caswell. Mrs. Caswell has been troubled with symptoms of curvature of the spine since she was fourteen years of age. Recently these symptoms have become marked, until they excited the alarm of Mr. Caswell, who sent to Boston for Dr. Richardson to come to Fort Wayne and examine the case. The doctor arrived there, and, upon examination, stated that unless a cure could be effected, either paralysis or insanity would speedily ensue, and perhaps death. The patient was prepared by proper applications of medicine for the ordeal, and on a recent afternoon the operation was accomplished by Drs. Richardson and Dills of that city. Just prior to this, cupping had been resorted to, and a large quantity of blood taken from the spine. The operation consisted of the burning of six holes in the spinal column with red hot irons, the consequent suffering being as excruciating and agonizing as could be. Chloroform was not administered internally, through fear that lockjaw might ensue, but was applied externally for the spine; hardly sufficient, however, to diminish appreciably the intense anguish.

The patient had to be held tightly while the heated irons were forced into the quivering flesh. Mrs. Caswell is now in as favorable a condition as could have been anticipated, although suffering, as might be expected, from nervous prostration. Dr. Richardson remains constantly with her, as it will require a period of ten days to determine whether or not a perfect cure has been effected. The operation is one of the rarest and most difficult and dangerous in surgery.

Cost of Raising Horses.

The agricultural department having made inquiries as to the cost of raising horses in each of the various States, reports as follows: In the Middle States the maximum cost of wintering horses is $48 per head in New Jersey; next in order stands Delaware, $43, New York, $37, and Pennsylvania, $36. Delaware farmers, last year, received the highest average price for hay, $20 per ton, and those of New York the lowest, $13.10. New York received the maximum price of corn, ninety-three cents per bushel, and Delaware the minimum, seventy cents. The price of oats ranged from fifty-two cents in Delaware to sixty in New Jersey. Averages of Eastern States were as follows: Maine, $27; New Hampshire, $37; Vermont, $38; Massachusetts, $45; Rhode Island, $48; and Connecticut, $45.

West of the Mississippi the average cost of wintering ranges from $9 in Kansas, to $28 in Minnesota. Iowa averaged $16; Missouri, $12, and Nebraska $13. Farm prices of hay vary from $3.86 in Kansas, to $12.05 in Missouri. The cheaper hay of Kansas and Nebraska is mostly made from the wild grasses of the prairies. Corn ranges from forty-three cents per bushel in Iowa to ninety-one in Kansas, and oats from thirty-eight cents per bushel in Iowa to fifty-three cents in Kansas.

New York City's Population.

The population of the city of New York has been enumerated fifteen times since 1790, when the first census was taken by the State government. The following table gives the successive figures at each census; the figures to the right give the increase or loss between each census:

Years.	Population.	Increase.
1790	33,131	
1800	60,489	37,358
1810	96 753	35,264
1815*	95.519	1,234
1820	123,706	28,187
1825*	166,086	42,380
1830	197,112	31 026
1835*	268,089	70,977
1840	312,710	54,621
1845*	371,323	59,513
1850	515.547	44.324
1855*	629,810	114,263
1860	813,699	183.789
1865*	726.346	87,313
1870	942,292	215.907
1875*	1,018,622	76 330

*State census.

In this table the returns from seven election districts are not in; they increase the total some 15,000. The population annexed to the city since the last census is 36,466, so that old New York as it was does not yet reach a total of one million inhabitants.

THE MODERN GEORGE WASHINGTON.—George Washington couldn't tell a lie, and that's what ails the average Vicksburg boy. The other day, when one of them accidentally broke a pane of glass in a store window, it was touching to see him walk bravely into the store and up to the merchant, and say: "Mr. Blank, I broke a pane of glass in the window there, and you can charge it to the old man's account! Put it down as a pound of saleratus, and he'll never know the difference!"

A Chicago poet upon hearing that Mlle. Nilsson was about to erect cow sheds upon her Peoria lots, burst forth into the following verse: "Christine, Christine, thy milking do the morn and eve between, and not by the dim religious light of the fitful kerosene. For the cow may plunge, and the lamp explode, and the fire fiend ride the gale, and shriek the knell of the burning town in the glow of the molten pail."

PERSONAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

The Butlers and the Duncans—An Interesting Personal Sketch of a Banking House.

Hon. Wm. E. Cramer, of the *Evening Wisconsin*, who knows personally of what he writes, gives us the following very interesting sketch of the *personnel* of the founders of the late banking house of Duncan, Sherman & Co.:

Since the failure of Duncan, Sherman & Co., and as the firm will probably pass out of existence as a banking house, some reminiscences of the past may be interesting connected with the founding of a banking establishment which has had a brilliant career, and which grew into a world-wide prominence as rapidly as any private banking house ever established in America.

Five-and-thirty years ago there was a very wealthy citizen of Providence, Rhode Island, by the name of Cyrus Butler. He was a quaint old man, and made his three millions of property by careful savings and the natural rise of a vast real estate property which he held in Providence. He was very close, but at times would perform exceedingly liberal acts.

The ladies of Providence conceived it would be a beneficent deed to establish a hospital. They besought its citizens for contributions. Most of them gave them something. They repeatedly went to Cyrus Butler, and he refused to give them one cent. Nevertheless they commenced their building. They were soon severely pinched for funds to carry on the work. The women thought they would try Butler once more. They went to the old gentleman and teased him as usual. At first he was obdurate, but as women know how to bother and tease to perfection they did not give up the pursuit. At last he exclaimed in rather a harsh voice, "Give me your paper." The ladies handed it to him, expecting that they would possibly receive $500 or $1,000. But he sat down and deliberately wrote: "Cyrus Butler, $40,000." Great was the joy in Providence at this princely gift. The benevolent institution was completed, and as an evidence of gratitude it was named the Butler hospital. That institution has survived, and will survive in honor of the memory of old Cyrus Butler far longer than the millions of his property which ultimately went into the banking house of Duncan, Sherman & Co.

Cyrus Butler had no sons, but he had one daughter who married Alexander Duncan, and they inherited the whole estate of Butler. About the same time there was a citizen of Albany named Watts Sherman, the cashier of the Albany city bank. He was a great favorite of Erastus Corning, then the railroad king of New York, whose adopted daughter he married. Watts was considered one of the sharpest bankers in the State of New York. Though the bank had a capital of only $500,000, it became a notable institution under his management. It enjoyed the vast deposits of the Central railroad company, and was known as a "little monster," and exceedingly profitable to its stockholders.

But Watts was not content with living in Albany. He sighed for other and larger fields of commercial power, and New York was then, as now, the metropolis of America, whither men who seek commercial distinction naturally float. Watts could not be called a wealthy man, therefore in order to succeed in New York in the banking business, it was necessary to connect himself with a man of large fortune. He became acquainted with Duncan, of Providence, then a gentleman of leisure and of great wealth, as the inheritor of Butler's estate. Their arrangements were soon perfected. Duncan was to advance the money and Sherman the financial brains. Sherman, of all men, knew how to make a good impression at the start. So the new firm bought the lot on the southwest corner of Pine and Nassau streets, and thereon erected one of the most solid, substantial and elegant stone banking houses in the United States. It was built somewhat after the English style—strong and dark—the brown stone having a shadowy effect on all the rooms.

The vault was considered a marvel a the time. It was intended to be not only burglar proof and fire proof, but mob proof. In order to accomplish this latter the heavy walls of the vaults were not solid but inclosed large cannon balls; so when the rioters dug through the first covering they would strike a ball which would continually roll, as they attempted with chisel or crowbar to perforate further, and we believe to-day this is considered the safest and the strongest way to build a vault.

The very solidity of their banking house was a world wide advertisement, and when they opened its new and beautiful doors they had a press of depositors.

Corning gave them all the influence which the New York Central railroad company could command in New York. That alone secured them an immense prestige, and probably no banking house ever commenced more swimmingly than they did, or ever enjoyed a more remunerative business. The South was then in its strength and its glory. The house acquired a very firm foothold throughout the Southern States, for it immediately dealt in cotton bills, and we think has maintained its popularity to the last in the South, because on all questions when compromise was proposed Watts Sherman favored the Southern side.

We believe it has never been announced to the public what amount of capital Duncan contributed to the concern, but it was supposed to be from one to two millions, and upon that capital they usually had afloat about six million of liabilities; and, of course, as only two millions of this was backed by cash, and four millions by credit, when business was large and remunerative, their profits must have been enormous. Sherman lived in grand style and so did the Duncans, and the individual expenses of the firm could not have been less than $120,000 per annum; and perhaps it will be found that not only their loss upon cotton bills, but the corroding cancer of private extravagance has consumed their capital; for it has been discovered in New York and elsewhere when individuals have failed, who were enjoying great incomes and had large wealth, that the ax of extravagance in personal expenditures has been steadily cutting at the root of the tree.

The Iowa Ice Cave.

The remarkably natural curiosity known as the "ice cave" can now be seen at its best. A party of gentlemen who lately visited it, says the Decorah (Ia.) *Republican*, say that they never before saw anything like the quantity of ice formed within it. As proof, they brought to our office a cake of ice twelve inches long, ten wide and between two and three inches thick, notwithstanding the waste of carrying it a mile on a hot afternoon. The passage-way into the cave is three-quarters filled up with ice, and there is a flooring of the same for twenty feet. At one spot is a cone of ice fastened to the wall which is three feet in diameter at the base, eight to ten feet high and twenty inches across at the top.

A boy living at Drowned Lands, N. Y., gave a horse paris green "just to see if the animal would die or not." He was gratified, as the horse lived but a short time after eating the poison.

In the Harvest Field.

The most frequent imprudence in the harvest field is the constant drinking of cold water fresh from the well or spring in copious draughts. This induces excessive perspiration, which in its turn produces excessive thirst, and the result is a serious weakening of the nervous system. Life, even without labor, becomes a burden when every pore gives out a stream. The salts of the blood are rapidly washed in the flood of perspiration, and the system is depleted of that which it can spare the least. This can be obviated by simply avoiding excessive drinking. A man may ride upon a reaper or follow it binding for ten hours without needing to drink more than twice, if he will simply determine to do so. We have done this repeatedly without drinking, except at meal times. It is well to avoid the use of tobacco while in the field, and by all means no drop of spiritnous liquor should pass the lips of a harvest laborer in our climate while he is in the field. If one must drink, cold coffee or tea without sugar or milk is the best. This can be drank when moderately warm without nausea when water cannot. Hot tea or coffee after dinner is both cooling and refreshing. At least two hours' rest should be taken at noon, and from half-past eleven until half-past one is the best interval. When the body is heated by labor it is perfectly safe to cool it by pouring cold water upon the wrists, by which the temperature of the blood is slowly lowered; but it is not safe to cool the body by sudden exposure to cool air in a shady barn or a cellar. Such a course would be the greatest imprudence, and almost certain to result in disaster. To cool off slowly is safe, and if one should expose himself to cool draughts he should put on extra clothing and walk about meanwhile. At night, after the work is done, and before retiring to rest, the whole body should be bathed in water slightly tepid, or at least as warm as the air, and pure soap, and then briskly rubbed dry with a coarse towel. This will bring comfortable and restful sleep. Then a clean undergarment for the night should be put on, and the day-worn garments placed to air and dry ready for the next day. Cleanliness of person is one of the best preservatives of health and productive of the greatest comfort in the harvest season.

Dogs in England.

The wealthy people of England pay much attention to the breeding of dogs. A correspondent who visited a dog fair says. Among the setters I counted a large number held at £1,000 each, and one, the property of Mr. P. B. Stone, M. D., aged five years, was labeled £10,000 sterling. I counted six retrievers at £1,000 each, and very many from £500 to £150. Among the Irish water spaniels, Mr. N. Morton's Shamrock was held at £1,000, the others at prices ranging from £100 to £50. Six of the spaniels were labeled £1,000 each, two or three £500, and a large variety from £400 to £200. Ten pounds were regarded as a very reasonable charge. There were two hounds at £500 each. The beagles, not exceeding fifteen inches high, ranged from £100 to £20. There were nearly two hundred fox terriers, held at extraordinary rates, at least half a dozen at £1,000, and about twenty at £500, the others ranging from £100 to £10. The sheep dogs were also very high, a dozen commanding £1,000 each, and others £500, very few running as low as £20. A Dalmatian, belonging to Mr. R. J. L. Price, known as Crib, nine years old, was held at £10,000 sterling. Another, owned by Miss Julia Burney, called Sancho, three years and five months old, price £600. The bull dogs ranged from £250 to £25. One bull terrier, Young Puss, was held at £1,000 sterling; another, belonging to the same owner, W. Grant Rawes, at the same price. This seemed to be the favorite breed. Many commanded £100 each, and a few ran as low as £5. Black and tan terriers exceeding fourteen pounds weight commanded £100 each, very few as low as £5. One of the drop-eared blue Skye terriers, named Sam, belonging to Mr. J. W. Berry, was held at £10,000 sterling. There was a Dandy Dinmont terrier, called Toper, price £1,000, and another called Macbeth, price £500—general rates from £50 to £5. A Yorkshire terrier called Mozart, belonging to Miss H. Alderson, price £1,000. The Bedlington terriers commanded from £100 to £5; of one species called Dachshund, black and tan, three commanded £1,000, and the rest ran from £100 down to £5.

Styles for Elderly Ladies.

Elderly ladies cling to polonaises in preference to basques with overskirts. These polonaises are of simple princesse shape not elaborately draped. Their most dressy summer toilettes, a fashion journal says, are of black grenadine trimmed with folds and knife plaitings, or else summer silks in black and white checks, bars, or stripes, plainly ruffled, with bias bands for heading. These dresses are for church, afternoon, and dinner. For morning and day wear they choose white linen lawns, batistes, and half-opaque cambrics. A long basque, no overskirt, and a flounced lower skirt is the popular manner of making; there are from one to three flounces on the lower skirt. Their caps for afternoon and evening are large squares of lace for the top of the head, with flowing ends behind or or the sides. These are not large enough to conceal the coil of beautiful gray hair worn low behind, or the long lightly rolled puff worn on each side of the face. The lace used is thread, Valenciennes, or duchesse point. Black lace barbes are used alone, or are mixed with white lace; large caps entirely of black lace are now seldom worn, as they cover up much of the gray hair that is now the fashion to display, and have a dreary, somber appearance. Morning caps are of snowy white lawn with large bag crowns, and plaited fronts trimmed with purple, violet, or blue ribbon, or else black velvet; pale blue ribbons are pretty with gray hair; pink and buff are seldom becoming to faded complexions.

The Louisville Lottery.

Colonel Blanton Duncan has, as attorney for the ticket-holders, made a demand on the managers of the Louisville lottery for the balance of sixty-two per cent. of the prizes unpaid, declaring that the consent of the ticket-holders was not given to a reduction of the amount of the prizes. He has also renewed his application, previously unnoticed, for an official list of the prizes drawn and the unsold numbers, also of the approximates, and states in his letter that the office has issued at least two lists, both purporting to be official, which do not accord with each other.

The Secret of Wealth.

My success is owing to liberality in advertising.—*Bonner.*

The road to fortune is through printers' ink.—*P. T. Barnum.*

Frequent and constant advertising brought me all I own.—*A. T. Stewart.*

Success depends upon a liberal patronage of printing offices.—*J. J. Astor.*

My son, deal with men who advertise. You will never lose by it.—*Ben Franklin.*

How can the world know a man has a good thing unless he advertises the possession of it?—*Vanderbilt.*

A FORGOTTEN GLORY.

The First Martyrs to Republicanism in America.

One hundred and six years ago five citizens of New Orleans paid with their lives for their disloyalty in trying to establish a republic upon the soil of North America. Their fame has long since been forgotten. Their names are to be found only in the musty records of Paris and Madrid. Theirs was a gallant, but a hopeless struggle. On one side, five men; on the other, France and Spain. The New Orleans *Republican* gives a full account of this first organized attempt to found an American republic.

Louisiana cost France more than it paid her. Louis XV., seeking escape from his load of debt, gave the province named after his grandfather to Spain. The helpless inhabitants protested in vain. Twice they sent a delegate to Paris, and twice the king refused even to see him. The Spaniards formally accepted the gift November 13, 1762. The first Spanish governor, Ulloa, did not arrive until 1766. The colonists made up their minds to dislike him, and they did so. He seems to have been a gay, good-humored, not very dishonest ruler, who tried to suit his unruly subjects, and found that he had set himself an impossible task. They were scandalized because he married with the consent of "Father Dagobert," and hurt because he sent to Havana for a nurse for his child; was not Louisiana able to furnish a good enough nurse? The colonists complained of his presence at New Orleans, but declared that he had insulted them when he stayed at Balize for eight months. They shut him and his wife out of society and then accused them of haughty exclusiveness. One of the serious charges against him was that he made the inhabitants of New Orleans go six miles out of town in order to whip their slaves, because, forsooth, Mme. Ulloa's nerves were disturbed by the shrieks of the victims of the lash. When he saw that the colonists had agreed to disagree with him in everything he gave up trying to please them and secluded himself and studied science, to which he was a devotee. Meanwhile the popular discontent grew apace. Twelve prominent citizens formed a plot to overthrow the Spanish authority and establish a republic under the protection of the British officer then commanding at Pensacola. October 25, 1768, the crisis came. Armed bands occupied the streets of New Orleans. Ulloa fled to a frigate which lay off the city. The superior council met, expelled, in the style of more recent days, all the adherents of the other side, and adopted an address declaring that the colony's allegiance was due to France, not Spain. This was a blind. The real intent, as the archives of Paris show, was to establish a republic modeled after the Swiss government. Ulloa reported to Madrid: "One plan was to transform the colony into a republic under the protection of England; but seeing that they could not obtain from her the assistance they wished for, they came to the determination to rise without it, and to trample under foot the orders of their sovereign."

For several months the colonists were left to rule themselves. Then the future grew dark. France and England both refused them aid. Spain sent the Irish O'Reilly, with twenty-four ships and more than 3,000 troops, to seize the rebellious colony. When the fleet came in sight, advancing up the Mississippi, one of the conspirators, Marquis, proclaimed the republic, but less than a hundred men responded to his call for troops. O'Reilly landed undisturbed. Four days afterward the twelve leaders were arrested. A month of torture and trial ended in the sentence of five of them to death. One had already been killed while speaking to his wife. The lack of a hangman saved the five from the scaffold. They were shot on the morning of October 26, 1769—the first martyrs to American independence.

Eggs and Financial Wisdom.

She said she'd take a dozen of eggs, but while the grocer was counting them out she asked the price. He told her and she shrieked:

"Seventeen cents!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why, that's outrageous!"

"Well, it's hard times and everything is up."

She sat down on a sugar barrel, sighed several times, and asked if eggs were likely to be lower or higher.

"I don't claim to be a prophet," he replied, as he twisted a sheet of paper into the shape of a funnel, "but I dare say that they'll be down to sixteen and one-half cents in less than

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ..... .... Editor.

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Centre Hall, Pa., Aug. 26, 1875.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.

Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

Democratic Ticket.

Sheriff—LEVI MUNSON.
Treasurer—D. A. MUSSER.
Prothonotary—AARON WILLIAMS.
Register—W. E. BURCHFIELD.
Recorder—WM. A. TOBIAS.
Commissioners—H. A. MINGLE, —J. N. HALL.
Coroner—DR. JOS. ADAMS.
Auditors—JOS. GILLILAND, —A. J. GREIST.

The nominations made by the radicals of this county, on Wednesday, are a botch, and fall still-born upon the rank and file of their party. They do not expect to elect any portion of their ticket, excepting one commissioner. They have no nominee to beat Munson; none can come within sight of Williams; none to make it over Musser, and none to match Burchfield, or the rest of our nominees.

The Clearfield Republican, democratic is much pleased with the democratic nominee for Sheriff, in this county. The editor knows Mr. Munson well, and speaks highly of that gentleman. We have met no one yet, acquainted with our nominee for sheriff who does not mention him favorably.

The republicans have made the nominations for county officers; they have no hope of electing any part of their ticket, unless through division or lukewarmness in the democratic ranks. Let democrats organize at once, in every township, and work as a unit for the triumph of the old-time democracy and roll up an old fashioned democratic majority in November.

The Cambria Iron Company has reduced the wages in all its departments to eight per cent. less than they were before the first of the present month. God help the poor men.

Thus it has been going all over the country—no work and reduction of wages, yet the radicals are in power all the time, and promised fat things for the laboring classes and general prosperity for all classes of industry. Why trust them longer. Let's have a change by giving the democrats a trial.

The state convention of the colored citizens met at Carlissle on 17, and was largely attended. William Nesbet, of Altoona, president; C. M. Brown and A. L. Cassey, secretaries; W. D. Foster, of Philadelphia, corresponding secretary; W. H. Day, of Harrisburg, chairman of business committee. The convention passed resolutions unanimously endorsing the Republican candidates Hartranft and Rawle, and respectfully request the Prohibition candidates to withdraw.

The expenses of Hartranft's administration in 1874 were $1.096,153,63. This is a little over six hundred thousand dollars more than Curtin's cost in 1862, and it is two hundred and fifty thousand more than Geary's cost in 1868. This is the kind of economy of which the radicals boast. Everything heavily taxed and expenses of State and Federal governments on the increase!

In 1867 and 1868, Wm. B. Mann was paid over $30,000 for examining the accounts of foreign insurance agencies. R. B. Brown, editor of the Clarion Democrat, who was a member of the House in 1859, believing this bill to be a swindle introduced a resolution requesting the Auditor General to present a statement of the services rendered, and Mr. Mann's itemized bill. He believed that $500 would be a fair compensation for the work. The Radical majority promptly voted down the resolution. The people in this connection, should remember that John F. Hartranft was Auditor General when Mann's bill was audited, and that Wm. B. Mann moved at Lancaster that Gov. John F. Hartranft be renominated for Governor by acclamation. "You tickle me," etc.

The democrats of Mifflin county made the following nominations: Sheriff, Jas. M. Fleming. Treasurer, J. M. Nolte. Commissioners, W. A Orr and John Culbertson. Auditors, J. R. Hartman and Geo. Heinawalt, Coroner, Dr. S. Belford. Poor Director, J. C. Shehan.

The democrats of Union county have made the following nominations: Associate Judge, Thos. Reber. Treasurer, Daniel Long. Commissioners, Elias Brown and John Yarger. Auditors, Howard Slear and J. R. Ross.

The radicals of the same county have nominated the following: Associate Judge, Jacob Hummel. Register, Reubin Kline. Commissioners, Joseph Boob and George Schoch. Auditors, S. W. Burg, and T. Strawbridge.

The following is the Democratic ticket of Snyder county; Associate Judge, Philip Hilbish; Sheriff, Daniel Eisenhart; Commissioner, Moses Krebs and John Norman; Auditors, W. A. Glass and David Reber; Coroner, A. J. Specht. Robert Swineford was chosen Representative delegate to the the convention, and Wm. H. Dill Senatorial delegate.

Whisky ring frauds, Indian ring frauds, frauds in the treasury department, frauds in the post office department, frauds in the marine corps, custom house frauds, frauds everywhere under radical rule. 'Rah for "integrity" and "rigid economy."

Jefferson Davis declines to accept the gift of a homestead in Texas. He writes to a Texas gentleman: "It is enough for me to know that your people who have suffered by our common disaster, instead of blaming me for their misfortunes, have been willing to share the remnant of their fortunes with me." The plan was to buy a farm by dollar subscriptions.

The governor of Tennessee has appointed D. M. Key, successor to ex-President Johnson in the senate. He has not figured much in Tennessee politics, is a man forty-five years old, of decided talents, diffident and retiring, very popular in his section, but not generally known throughout the state. The appointment will give general satisfaction in east Tennessee, which portion of the state claimed the appointment of successor to the great commoner. The number of aspirants for the dead Senator's place, and the persistency with which their claims were pressed, seems to justify the governor in conceding the eastern division the appointment.

A Williamsport family was poisoned by eating potatoes which had been Paris greened to kill the bugs. Bad, but not fatal.

A WRONG AMD ITS REMEDY.

There is something wrong with the business interests and financial affairs of the country. All feel and recognize it. The laboring man devotes as many hours to earnest toil, exercises as much economy, rises as early and labors as late as he formerly did; his wife is as patient, as prudent and as thirfty as she ever was, but debt accumulates, wages decrease, clothing grows poorer, comforts are fewer, and luxuries are totally absent from the much loved home. Too often, alas, distress for rent, the constable's demamd and the advertisement of the Sheriff tell of debt, of furniture to be sold, of the home to be taken away. Day by day these evidences of poverty increase in our midst. The business man, too the energetic, active scheming man, whose cash capital is supplemented by a good business education, an active brain and a ready hand—he too, finds every venture a loss, every effort clogged with difficulty. The energy that is vital to his own success is repressed by ever increasing debt, and the industrial interests of the country, always dependent upon the productive force and inventive thrift of this class of its citizens, grow rapidly less remunerative and less able to bear the burdens of oppressive taxation. Dismantled factories, blown out furnaces, idle mills, foundries and workshops, abandoned mines cheap oil, unsold iron, coal and lumber, and discharged and starving artisans, tell us in emphatic tones, that something is the matter. What is it, then? It is to be found in the exorbitant return that capital demands for its use. Its cause is to be sought in a system of finance that enables wealth, in the form of corporate monopoly, to oppress the business man, and through him the laborer or artisan he employs. Whilst agriculture finds a scanty return of less than four per cent and but too often is unable to meet the demands of the tax gatherer—whilst the wages of the laborer are reduced and his comforts lessened—whilst the merchant, lumberman and all others engaged in productive industry, find themselves growing gradually poorer, and protested notes or the summons of the Sheriff crowd close upon them—the capitalist, almost entirely exempted from taxation sits in indolent ease, and gathers an income of from ten to eighteen per cent. upon his investment.

What is wrong? It is our system of finance. What is the matter? It is the large return that corporate capital exacts for its use.

The stockholder in the carrying corporation compels his managing director to sacrifice everything else to a large dividend. He is not content that business men shall live and prosper if it curtails his dividends or lessens his income. The betterments of his road must be kept up, branches must be projected and built, and palatial offices and depots erected, and thus the value of his investment annually increased. Some one must pay for all these, and yield to him his annual dividend. The burden of all of these, and of the taxation from which he is exempt, is placed upon the business man who is compelled to use the road to transport his products. The creature without a soul, known as a corporation, through its ever-active agents, learns the price of the commodity at the point of delivery, ascertains the net cost of production at the place of shipment, and fixes the charge for transportation at the highest rate consistent with a sickly existence of the business. The only point considered is, How much freight will it bear? The only interest consulted is that of the stockholder. The profits of the business man, the development of the State, the security of the consumer, are all sacrificed to the rapacious demand for large dividends. The transporting corporation absorbs all the profits; their policy leaves no margin for competition in the trade; it prevents the employer from increasing the wages of labor, and drives into bankruptcy hundreds of men whose energy activity and soul, have been and still ought to be potent agencies in the employment and prosperity of thousands of sturdy workmen.

Nor is this all; the small margin left by the carrying companies to the producer and his employes is also subjected to the insatiate demands of wealth in the form of banking capital, and here again everything is sacrificed to the necessity for large dividends, and aggregated wealth through the forms of banking monopoly takes from production and from labor unjust reward. Not content that the Government shall pay them six dollars in gold annually for the privilege it gives them to go back to the people and discount their paper at lawful rates; not content with the total exemption of their wealth from taxation; not content that courts and juries schools, streets, roads and police are maintained for their protection by the producer and the laborer, they, too, break down the business man and oppress the laborer to earn large dividends and increase their surplus.

If the exactions of wealth in other forms compel the borrowing of money on accomodation paper, or the necessities of business require a discount, it is only given when the margin at bank is equal to the sum drawn out and the legal rate of interest is doubled by the proces, or the note is made payable at a distance, and exchange is charged to swell the rate, or a bold violation of the statute is committed at the counter by an increase of rate, or the customer is sent to a private office where the funds of the bank are used secretly to do that which it fears to do openly. The result is the same however it may be reached; a large sum is added to the surplus fund the stockholder pockets ten to eighteen per cent. dividend annually, the business life of the producer grows shorter and the wages of his men continually shrink.

Is it strange that business languishes, building ceases and our industries die out under the operation of such a system as this?

It is peculiarity of this system of finance that the value of every other commodity in which the fortunes of men are invested, day by day grows less, whilst that of this form of wealth grows greater in precisely the same ratio in which other articles depreciate. As we tend towards the only safe basis—specie payments—lands, houses, merchandise, ships, iron, coal, oil and lumber shrink in value, but the value of aggregated wealth in the form of corporate monopoly constantly increases. Whilst it is conceded that this is inevitable, and that the faith of the people must be preserved by payment of the public debt, is it not a cogent argument for a change in the system through which can come such wrongs as we have herein feebly portrayed. The legislation of the country for fifteen years has been moulded by capital, always against the producer and the laborer, and always in the interest of aggregated wealth.

The time has come to change this. Incorporated capital must accept its just share of taxation. It must be content with smaller dividends. It must cease to oppress labor and business by its exactions. It must live and let live.

The course of legislation of the country must be changed by the representatives of the people. They must cease making laws solely in the interest of wealth and they must guard and respect the interest of the producer and the laborer.

The "hard times" which oppress us are the legitimate result of the system of finance which has been created and is being perpetuated by the party in power. The only remedy is the remedy of change.

A SUNKEN FUND.

The official statement of where the State money belonging to the sinking Fund is deposited is an interesting document. Twenty-three public and private banking houses hold over six hundred and eighty-four thousand dollars of this Sinking Fund. They are named by the State Treasurer, but that gentleman neglects to inform the people that more than eleven thousand dollars is no longer a sinking fund but a sunken fund. That is to say Mr. Mackey's report to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund contains the following banks among the depositories:

Bank of Commerce, Erie, Pa.	$ 3,896 48
Venango National Bank, Franklin, Pa.	7,224 50
	$11,120 98

The above banks are insolvent and have been so for years. There may be others in the same condition on the list but of that we have no knowledge. The two banks named should have been designated as insolvent, and the eleven thousand dollars lost through them should have been so stated in the report.

It is bothering the radicals considerably where to find a weak point in the democratic county ticket. They know they can not touch Levi W. Munson, our nominee for Sheriff, for he is an honest, hardworking citizen. They had hopes of finding D. A. Musser vulnerable, but that has vanished, and to defeat him is out of the question now. Aaron Williams, our nominee for Prothonotary, has been so obliging and faithful in the discharge of the duties of that office, which has given him so strong a hold upon the people that to attempt to defeat him, would be the height of folly, and many of the republicans themselves will vote for him. Wm. E. Burchfield, our nominee for Register, is so deserving, combined with honesty and fitness for the place, as to make him one of the strongest upon the ticket, and his election by an overwhelming majority is so certain, that there is no hope for a radical in that quarter. Our candidates for Commissioner, H. A. Mingle and J. N. Hall are strong with the people who know them, as old citizens, identified with all the best interests of the county, and having a personal popularity that ensures their triumphant election. So with Tobias for Recorder, Griest and Gilliland for Auditors, all fit men, and sure to be elected, as the rads now foresee—hence they have the blues pretty badly, and see nothing in store but a single Commissioner, which is allowed them by the Constitution.

THE PRESIDENCY.

A World correspondent writing from Saratoga, say: There are not as many politicians and public men here at present as there were one week ago, yet there are still a number of this class here who talk Presidency as well as the organization of the next House of Representatives. The prevailing impression here appears to be that Mr. Kerr, of Indiana, is to be the next Speaker; that Randall, while having a strong backing, has reached the height, and is now falling back rather than going ahead. There is also considerable gossip in reference to the nomination of Hendricks, of Indiana, for President, and Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, for Vice President, by the Democracy in 1876. There has been no combination of that character made, but influential men now here from various sections of the country are busy talking that programme up, with a view of ascertaining how it will suit. To all appearances at least it is making considerable headway, and may become a formidable movement before the convention assembles. Vice-President Wilson is still here, playing the role of Christian statesman, and in his wake are numerous Republicans advocating his nomination for the Presidency by the Republicans. This, of course, arouses the ire of the Grant men, and there is some bold talk between them. It is apparent that Wilson will have considerable support, and may prove a strong man for the position; but, on the other hand, it is clear from developments and outgivings of the Grant men that they don't propose to let him have any show in the convention. It is also equally clear that it is their purpose to re-nominate Grant for the third term. This is now believed to be the purpose and intention of Grant and those around him. Some of the Liberal chieftains who are looking for recognition from the Administration party with the view of crawling back in, when told of the signs of the times, boldly declare that Grant can't be re-nominated, and give as their reason for so believing, that they have assurances from Conkling, Morton and other leading men of the party who are now apparently backing Grant, that they are not really for Grant's re-nomination, and are only pretending to support him now in order to save their appointments and patronage under him; that when the time comes they will throw their influence against Grant. That those men talk in that way to the Liberal leaders in order to coax them back into the party, is more than probable; but that it is their intention to go against Grant when the time comes is not at all likely, unless they can see their own nomination in the place of Grant made certain. The whole tone of the Administration organs points to a movement for Grant as their candidate.

A WEALTHY MARRIED MAN ATTEMPTS TO BURN A GIRL ALIVE.

Philadelphia, August 17.—A well known wealthy married man named John L. Kates, was before a magistrate to-day charged with a fiendish assault on Miss Pemberton. It appears that Kates seduced her when she was about fifteen years old, and she claims that he has held her life in semi-slavery ever since. Recently she attended a pin-nic without his permission, and when she returned he charged her with infidelity, knocked her down, beat her in a brutal manner and then tore all her clothes off her person, and after pouring burning fluid over her set fire to her and endeavored to burn her alive.

Interference of some of the people in the house prevented the consummation of his design.

On Friday evening last he whipped her in a brutal manner, and swore that he would disfigure her so that she would never be able to go out. Great efforts are being made by interested parties to keep the details of the affair from the public. Kates was held in $2,200 bail for his appearance at Court.

New Orleans, August 17.—Hon Jno. B. Weller, ex-Governor of California, died here this morning, aged 70.

CRUEL.

Says an exchange: "Grant could make an immense point for himself and do a good deal for his party by going for the Indian Ring, as Governor Tilden in New York has gone for the canal ring." It is cruel in people to keep on talking in this way about the President. They know he has a brother, Orville, and that he can't touch the Indian ring without plundering that brother Orville. The man who would plunder his own brother merely to break up an Indian ring has no bowels of compassion—not a single bowel—and should be shunned by all good men as they would shun pestilence and famine. When Brother Orville feels he can retire with six or eight or ten millions in clean cash, it will be time to Tildenize the Indian ring. To ask the President to do so before then is to ask him to pick the pocket of a member of his own family.

At a meeting of the ministers attending the Cumberland Valley camp meeting, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That inasmuch as the Legislature of Pennsylvania and the Governor of the Commonwealth, in disregard of the protest of the Central Pennsylvania Conference, held at Huntingdon, and in disregard of various other protests by the people, and in disregard of the expressed will of a majority of the voters of the Commonwealth, repealed the Local Option law, we hereby declare our purpose ourselves to vote the Temperance Prohibition ticket, and to use our influence in its behalf.

THE ICE AND THE RAINS.

Recently arrived steamers report that the Atlantic is full of ice, and this explains the mystery of the incessant rains from which the eastern seaboard and indeed the whole country has been suffering for more weeks than it is a pleasant thing to think of. It is probable that there has been a mild winter and early spring in the Arctic regions. This has caused open waters, which have borne into the Atlantic an uncommon quantity of ice. This great mass of ice, drifting into lower latitudes, is rapidly melting, and the vapors arising from it are drawn to the land and yield us the too abundant rain storms which has caused floods and more or less injury to crops. The land, gathering heat more rapidly than the ocean and giving it out also more freely, heats and rarifies the air upon it, and the vapors arising from the melting ice rush in to fill the vacuum thus constantly created by the summer heats.

If this explanation is correct we may have a continuation of the rains for some time to come—until the masses of ice are melted, or until their remains drift further south. It is not a pleasant thing to think that the disagreeable weather of the last few weeks may continue for some weeks to come. But we may look for a charming autumn, and this will reward us for the sufferings of the most disagreeable summer of many years.—*New York Herald.*

MURDEROUS ASSAULT.—On last Sunday evening, says the Lewisburg Journal of 18, Eli O. Moll, and Irvin Bingaman were at the camp meeting of the Evangelical church, near this place. The two had been friends in the past, but had not met for five or six years. They had walked about the camp ground for quite a while, having friendly conversations. At last about 8½ o'clock one proposed to the other that they go into the woods to see how their horses were doing. They had got some distance away from the camp when Bingaman suddenly threw one arm about Moll's neck and with the other hand drew a razor and attempted to cut Moll's throat. He succeeded in cutting him on the chin badly, Moll endeavoring to get loose. In the struggle Moll received another cut over the forehead, and one in the hand caused by grasping the razor. Parties by this time heard the encounter and came running to see what was up. Bingaman started to run away, and in his haste took the horse of a Mr. Moyer instead of his own and drove to a neighboring farm yard, where he got off the beast, tied him and laid down along the the fence until these following came up to him. He then showed fight and tussled with one man, when another person came up with a piece of rail and struck him with it over the top of the head knocking him senseless. He was thus brought to Lewisburg. Upon being brought before Esquire Wagner, he ordered him to be removed to some place of shelter and a physician sent for. He was taken to one hotel, but was refused admittance, and at last the constable secured quarters for him at Weidensaul's hotel. A physician dressed his head, which was badly fractured. The constable staid with him all night, and he came to conciousness about 4 o'clock next morning.

On Monday morning, Mr. Moll appeared before Esquire Wagner and made information against Bingaman for felonious assault with intent to kill. He stated his case which was substantially as we have above related, asserting that there was no trouble between them, and he could not account for Bingaman's conduct. The latter (who had been brought before the justice) said he could remember nothing about the curcumstance whatever; and remarked to Moll that they were always friends and he had no cause to do such a deed. The justice required $1,500 bail for his appearance at court, in default of which he was sent to jail.

The case is a strange one, and it is believed by many that Bingaman must have been insane, at the time. But then the question comes in, why did he carry a razor with him?

Bingaman is in a serious condition from the blow in his head, and if compelled to stay in prison he will probably die. Moll is badly cut, but it is believed he will recover. Both parties are from West Buffalo township.

THE WILLIAMSON (ILLINOIS) COUNTY VENDETTA.

Almost every Southern State has had its vendetta, prominent among them being the Bolton-Dickens chapter of murder and desperate assaults, which lasted twenty years, in Shelby county, Tennessee; and the Tutton-Taylor fights, forays and assassinations, in De Witt county, Texas. Notwithstanding the magnitude and fearful results of these Southern vendettas, extending through a series of years, the one in Williamson county, in this State called the Bullinger-Henderson-Russell-Sisney vendetta, overshadows them all. Men are shot upon the public highways, in their fields and in their houses, and the most sanguinary threats are sternly and remorselessly put into execution. Its bloody finger-marks are upon Jackson county, and a feeling of depression and fear is in every household in Carbondale, where Sisney, a victim to revenge, was, but recently cruelly murdered in his parlor. Men of known nerve and courage fear the lurking, unseen, deadly enemy; they fear to give expression to their feelings, and listlessly move about and say: "We cannot mix in this business; we dread the consequences." It is pitiful to see brave men so subdued—almost sowering, in exception of a warning missive or a relentles bullet. That majestic institution, the law, in Williamson county, has gone into its shell, and there remain until the good people of Jackson and Williamson counties take from it the high prerogatives with which it is invested and use them in self-defense. That they will soon do it there is no doubt, unless the Governor of Illinois bolsters up the imbecile courts and incites their officers to action. The Bullingers and Hendersons are the prominent families in the vendetta, and seem to have inherited, through their Southern origin, the fiercer traits of that people. Old George Bullinger and four sons—David, Monroe, Manuel, John, two sons-in-law, and David Bullinger, Sr., emigrated from the State of Tennessee, McNary county, during the year 1863 or 1864, and settled in Williamson county, on the Marion and Carbondale road, ten miles west from Marion. The sons-in-law settled in the same neighborhood. Old man Bullinger was a man of large means, and an enterprising and extensive farmer and planter, raising and ginning considerable quantities of cotton. In his agricultural operations he was very successful. His gin was large and of great capacity. At the close of the war this gin was burned to the ground, the supposition being that enemies from Tennesse had fired it. The Henderson family is numerous. There were Old Joe, Old Jim and Old Bill. Old Bill was the father of three boys; Old Joe, two; Old Jim, none. They came from Kentucky, and located in the adjoining settlement to the Bulliners, about the close of the war, entering upon farming pursuits. Both the Bulliners and Hendersons were loyal retuges, belonging to the Republican party. The first trouble occurred in 1864 or 1865, when it was caused by a quarrel between the "boys" of the families. It has lasted with intervals ever since, but has raged most fiercely during the last two years. It now appears that in less than two years six people have been killed, four have been seriously injured, and three have been shot at without killing them. About twenty persons, among them a newspaper editor, a State's attorney and several prominent business men, have been compelled to flee for their lives out of the county, either owing to actual attacks or letters of warning received by them. Some of the victims have been shot because they were supposed to know to much and some because they commented upon the outrages. All the assassinations were conducted in the most cowardly manner, some having been shot from ambuscades along the public roads and through windows, and others having suddenly been called up from their beds in the darkness and shot before they could defend themselves. It further appears that the officers of the law are so afraid of the assassins that they dare not execute the laws or even call for assistance and that the people of two counties, Williamson and Jackson, are so intimidated that they dare not even denounce the murderous outrages, or form themselves into a vigilance committee to suppress them. Pending the existence of this reign of terror, of course none of the villains have been hanged, imprisoned or punished in any manner.

A COAL MINE HORROR.

A Thrilling Story of a Boy's Adventures in an Abandoned Mine.

Dunmore, Pa., July 17.—Through the brutality of a miner in the employ of the Pennsylvania coal company, at this place, a mule boy in the same mine was recently put to a terrible experience in one of the company's abandoned mines.

She miner's name is James Barrett. The boy's name is James Gallagher. The man Barett, it seems, was in the habit of abusing the lad in a most shameful manner, having no apparrent cause save a mere personal antipathy. The boy stood in martal fear of Barett. A week or so ago the latter had been tyrannizing over young Gallagher with more than usual cruelty, and finally swore that if the did not quit his sight at once he would kill him, at the same time running towards the boy with his pick raised as if to strike him Gallagher ran screaming away from his persecutor, and made directly into the abandoned chamber, never stopping to look where he was, in his fright only thinking of getting out of the reach of Barett. After running for some time the boy stopped, and for the first say that he was in the worked out mine. In putting his foot forward he found no rest for it, and before he could recover his balance he fell headlong into a pit. His head came in contact with one side of the evacuation. He attempted to regain his feet, but he was overcome with a sense of numbness, and fell back into the slime and ooze that covered the jagged bottom of the pit. How long he lay there unconcious the boy did not know. He came to himself with a knowledge of a peculiar pain in his fingers and toes. At first he did not realize where he was but the impenetrable darkness and cold, dampy atmosphere soon recalled his hands and feet to make an effort to rise, when an army of rats scampered away from about him. They ran over his body and trailed their cold, slimy tails in his face.

When he reached the first cross corridor he sat down on a jutting piece of coal, and for the first time found that the rats had gnawed two of his fingers to the bone, had eaten away the uppers of his shoes and the flesh of his two great toes. He followed one of the cross corriders and wandered about in the maze of chambers for hours. Once he thought he heard his name called and he shouted in reply, only to hear it repeated for minutes by the echoes.

While wandering about in this way, a prey to the tortures of hunger and thirst, and to both mental and physical agony, he saw a light flash for an instant across the corridors in which he was groping. It was a long way off, but he knew it was a miner's lamp, and felt that parties were searching through the deserted chambers for him. Regardless of the hard, jagged floor, the strong walls, the ever-accompanying throng of rats that kept in his rear, or dangerous pits that might lie ahead of him, he ran rapidly towards were he had seen the light, shouting until he was hoarse.

His answer was heard, and in a few moment sturdy miners had found the boy. But he did not know that he was rescued. He had fallen to the ground unconcious, his strength having gone out with his last wild cry. The people were wild when it was announced that the boy was found, and his brave rescuers were borne aloft by the crowd. It was a long time before young Gallagher was restored to conciousness, and then it was only at intervals that he was in his right mind. In these sane intervals he related the story of his fearful sufferings, and learned that he had been nearly two days and one long night wandering among the horrors of the mine.

The moments in which he was sane became less frequent and finally days passed without one gleam of reason lighting up the darkness of his mind. The surgeons found it necessary to amputate one hand and three toes that had been gnawed by the rats and to perform other painful operations to save the boy's life. One day last week his physical condition being such as to permit it, they decided that he must be taken to an asylum for mental treatment and expressed great doubts of his permanent recovery. The brute Barrett, when the result of his cruelty became known, was compelled to fly the place in the night to escape the fury of the exasperated populace, and personal effects left by him were burned as an expression of the indignation of the people against him.

THE INFLUENCE OF ARTIC COLD ON MAN.

Lieutenant Payer, the Austrian Artic Explorer, has been laying some of the results of his exploration before the Geographical Society of Vienna. Referring to the influence of extreme cold on the human organism, he related that on March 14th, 1874, he and his companions made a sledge journey over the Semilkar glacier, in order to make observations of Francis Joseph Land. "On that day the cold marked 40 deg. (Reaumur) below zero Notwithstanding this intense cold M. Payer and a Tyrolese went out before sunrise to make observations and sketch. The sunrise was magnificent; the sunrise seemed surrounded, as it does at a high degree of cold, by small suns, and its light appeared more dazzling from the extreme cold. The travelers were obliged to pour rum down their throats so as not to touch the edge of the metal cups, which would have been as dangerous as if they had been red hot; but the rum had lost all its strength and liquidity, and was as flat and thick as oil. It was impossible to smoke either cigars or tobacco in short pipes, for very soon nothing but a piece of ice remained in the mouth. The metal of the instruments was just like red hot iron to the touch, as were some lockets which some of the travellers romantically, but imprudently, continued to wear next the skin. M. Payer says that so great an amount of cold paralyzes the will, and that under its influences men, from the unsteadiness of their gait, their stammering talk and the slowness of their mental operations, seem as if they were intoxicated. Another effect of cold is a tormenting thirst, which is due to the evaporation of the moisture of the body. It is unwholesome to use snow to quench the thirst, as it brings on inflamation of the throat, palate and tongue. Besides, enough can never be taken to quench the thirst, as a temperature of 30 degrees to 40 degrees below zero make it more like molten metal. Snow eaters in the North are considered as feeble and effeminate in the same way as an opium eater in the East. The groups of travelers who traversed the snow fields were surrounded by thick vapors formed by the emanations from their bodies, which became condensed, notwithstanding the furs in which travelers were enveloped. Those vapors fell to the ground with a slight noise, frozen into the form of small crystals, and rendered the atmosphere thick, impenetrable and dark. Notwithstanding the humidity of the air a disagreeable sensation of dryness was felt. Every sound diffused itself to a very long distance, an ordinary conversation could be heard at a hundred paces off, while the report of guns from the top of high mountains could scarcely be heard. M. Payer explains this phenomenon by the large quantity of moisture in the Arctic atmosphere. Meat could be chopped and mercury used in the shape of balls. Both taste and smell become greatly enfeebled in these latitudes, strength gives way under the paralyzing influence of the cold, the eyes involuntary close and become frozen. When locomotion stops the sole of the foot becomes insensible. It is somewhat curious that the beard does not freeze, but this is explained from the air expired falling immediately transformed into snow. The cold causes dark beards to become lighter; the secretion of the eyes and nose always increases, while formation of the perspiration altogether ceases. The only possible protection against the cold is to be warmly clothed and to endeavor as much as possible to prevent the condensation of the atmosphere, while the much vaunted plans of anointing and blackning the body are pronounced to have no real value.

ANCIENT CAVE DWELLING IN ARIZONA.—In the bluffs of Beaver Creek, a small tributary to the Rio Verde, and about three miles distant in a northerly direction from Camp Verde, Arizona, are about fifty walled caves of various sizes, once the hiding places of prehistoric people of whom the present Indian tribe of that locality have no knowledge or traditions. At this point the river makes a bend, the chord of which is perhaps an eighth of a mile long. The walls are of a yellow calcareous rock, and about one hundred feet high. These caves are from five to twenty feet in depth The mouths are closed by mason-work of stone and cement, still in a good state of preservation. The larger caves are divided by wood and stone partitions and floors into numerous small apartments, where it would seem that this strange people passed years of doubt and fear, threatened by famine within, and cruel persecution and torture from a besieging enemy without.

The lower caves are about ten feet from the bottom of the cliff, and may be entered with some difficulty by climbing the projecting points of the bluff. The larger one can be reached only by ladders, which have at best a precarious foot-hold on narrow ledges, along which the explorer must feel his way with the utmost care some thirty yards at a height of forty and fifty feet, from which a careless step might precipitate him upon a mass of rocks below. A solid masonry wall two feet thick, with a curved front about thirty feet wide and fully as high, has been built on the natural floor of the cave, sixty feet above the stream at the foot of the cliff. The wall is bastioned, evidently to afford a flank defense, and has what appears to be a sentry box of masonry protecting the single entrance at the centre and base of the wall. The top of the wall forms a parapet, rising three feet above the upper floor, and within four feet of the natural roof of the cave. Loop holes, which may have served either for observation or defense, occur at regular intervals at the base of the parapet.

Having climed with some difficulty about thirty feet of debris, we reached the lower ledge, scarcely two feet wide, along which we worked our way with the utmost care to the foot of the first ladder, ascending which we were on the second ledge, from which another ladder of uncertain strength led us to the entrance of the cave. Passing a narrow door-way at right angle with the main wall, we entered a small chamber, from which a hole admitted us through the ceiling to an apartment of irregular rectangular shape about twelve feet square and seven feet high. The roof is of natural rock, as is most of the floor; that portion, however, of the latter which covers the rear compartment being of large cottonwood timbers covered with rushes or small brush, over which is a layer of cement. The timbers used in this and other rooms of the structure were cut with stone hatchets, and are evidently very ancient. From this cave are two exits besides the one refered to, one on either side, through which we crawled on our hands and knees to larger rooms of various sizes honey-combed behind this wall, which protects three irregular tiers of cells. Nearly all are dark, and the roofs, with out exception, are blackened by smoke.

A deposit of bat lime covers the floors to a depth of ten or twelve inches. Digging through this, we unearthed many fragments of pottery, which subsequent comparison proved to be identical in material and workmanship with that found later in old ruins of Tonto Basin and elsewhere in Arizona, as well as with the pottery still manufactured by the Moquis and Zunis.

Directly above the caves, and on nearly every commanding point near Beaver Creek and the Rio Verde, are ruins of stone dwellings built without cement, and of such materials as could be adapted without cutting to the rough walls, which appear to have been a protection from the arrows of their foes rather than from the weather. We found no evidence that these or other dwellings in Arizona had been roofed, though it would seem that the people who occupied them must have had some protection against the scorching rays of an almost tropical sun.

That these were the dwellings of the cave people in peaceful times is quite certain, and that their occupants were to some extent agricultural is shown by the many irrigating ditches and canals (called by the Mexicans *acequias*) found in the vicinity of this and other of the pueblos ruins in many parts of Arizona and New Mexico.—*Wm. C. Manning, in Harper's Magazine for August.*

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HORSE POWERS, THRESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.
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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY AUG. 26, 1875.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

☞Subscribers to the Reporter, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 88, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 537, F. A. M., meets on Thursday evening, on or after each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.

PROGRESS GRANGE, P of H, meets on Saturday afternoon on or after each full moon, at their Hall.

——If you want fresh and clean Timothyseed go to your old friend Sussman.

——The temperance party of this county talks of nominating a county ticket.

——Gen. Blair, of Bellefonte, is a member of the temperance state central committee.

——Mr. J. W. Sweetwood, of Gregg reports a cucumber (vine we suppose) measuring 5 ft. ½ inches, and challenges the county to beat it.

—— Rev. James Wilson of New York, son of Peter Wilson of Spring Mills, has been spending the last few weeks in his old home. Mr. Wilson will preach at Centre Hill on Sunday forenoon, next.

——The one hundredth birthday of Mrs Locket, of Clearfield county, in this State, was celebrated on the 13th inst. This lady has two children living, one sixty-six and the other sixty-eight years of age, and a sister in her eighty-ninth year.

——Harris township from accounts, is to have a little rail-road war bruing opposition will be made to paying subsriptions for various reasons given. The Messrs. Van Dyke have commenced work in that township.

——Mr. A. Sussman, at Bellefonte has a lot of Timothyseed just received from Chicago, fresh and clean, which he offers for sale less than can be imported from Philadelphia or purchased anywhere at home. 19 aug 3t.

——Joseph A. Young, eldest son of Brigham Young, died suddenly at Monte, Utah, on the 5th inst. He leaves four wives and seven children who intend to move to Bellefonte and buy their groceries at Sechler's.

——Old Fort Lodge, No. 537, F. A. M. was constituted and officers installed, on Thursday 19th, by Dist. Deputy Grand Master, H. T. Beardsley, of Lock Haven. Delegations from Lock Haven, Bellefonte, Milroy, Lewistown and McVeytown were present. The following officers were installed: Wm. B. Mingle, W. M.; J. A. Fleming, S. W.; D. C. Keller, J. W.; R. McCormick, Treas. C. F. Herlacher, Sec'y.

——Two boys, Langlin and Kelly, broke into Charley Smith's saloon, at Bellefonte, on Monday morning, last, between 4 and 5 o'clock, and stole a keg of lager, a box of cigars and some other articles. They were seen carrying off their booty, and the police soon tracked them up, and lodged them in jail, and on the evening of the same day they were on trial before court, and evidence heard sufficient to convict them. The reputation of the young men is bad, and they hardly expected justice to overtake them so soon.

——On last Thursday a large rattlesnake ventured from its way to the yard of Jacob Ripka, at the upper end of town, and coiled itself under a rosebush, not far from the front door. Children were playing in the yard at the time, and the reptile gave the alarm which led to its discovery. Mr. Ripka was called and shot the dangerous intruder. It measured 3½ feet in length and had 12 rattles.

——The real object of Count Turkheim's return to Centre county, was to find out how it came that more people patronized Sechler & Co. than any other establishment. The count soon learned that good fresh groceries of all kinds, at low prices, and liberal advertising in the Reporter, was the whole secret of the thing, and has now written to King William about "what he knows of keeping a grocery" and advertizing.

LONG'S CAVE.—A few miles east of this place, at the head of Penn's creek there is a large cave, which is quite a natural curiosity. This cave has been known to most of the citizens of this vicinity and valley yet strange to say, few have visited it. It is on the farm of Mr. Long and has two entrances—one by water and the other by creeping through an aperture a distance below the water entrance. The mouth of the water cave is in a large kettle, at the bottom of which is a boat to convey the curious into the monster cavern. The water has an average depth of about 15 feet, and of some 25 feet in width, and and is cool and fresh as may well be supposed. This entrance is large enough to admit a locomotive The length of the cave with its windings, may be nearly half a mile, and is navigable the entire distance for the craft aforesaid. The entire cavern is one solid vault of nature's masonry, which at the first glance settles all doubts as to its caving in and hiding you forever from the outside world. The width and the depth of the water is sufficient to flat a canal boat, except at one spot, half way down the cavern where there is a strait of about 6 feet in width and eight or ten yards in length. The subteranean scenery is grand and imposing and to say that it often borders on the solemn, when you reach the chamber of mummies and the assembly of the silent drunkards, is not an exaggeration. There are a number of chambers which are larger than any barn in our valley, and fifty feet from floor to ceiling. The sides are hung with all kinds of natural fancy work in stone, fringed, tasseled and embroidered curtains with here and there petrified watchmen to remind you of the policeman who stand guard in the outside world, and as if to warn you not to break nor mar any of the beauties of his subterranean abode, which Mr. Long will also be found objecting to. The stalactites or stony icicles hanging from the ceiling and sides are beautiful and countless. The ceiling is coursed by rich fringework white as the driven snow, and here and there forms of men and also of animals in a crouching position, can be seen on the floors of the chambers. At one point there is a large thin shelf of stone, which when struck with the oar emits a sweet and pure bass sound. Landings can readily be made at various points and excursionists can leave the boat and explore the dry apartments of the cave. We might write much more at length of the beauties and interesting objects in this wonderful cavern, but our space will not permit. It is worth a journey to see it, and it has had visitors almost weekly from Bellefonte and the cities during this summer. We extend our thanks to our friend, Mr. Samuel Long, for piloting us through the cave.

——Sussman has a splendid lot of clean Timothy-seed. Cheap.

——The free-to-all race at Cleveland, the other day, was won by Goldsmith Maid. Lulu second and American Girl third. Time, 2:182, 2:192, 2:194. The owners of Centre county nags sometimes beat that when they make for Sechler's cheap grocery, in the Bush house block.

A GREAT FIRE.

St. Petersburg, August 18.—Three hundred houses were burned at Eyeff to-day.

——The Philipsburg Journal has the following singular narration:

A sudden death under painful circumstances occurred in the office of Justice Shoop on Monday evening, about nine o'clock. Mrs. Hiram Harris was before the Justice for a hearing on a charge of assault and battery, preferred by Mrs. C. Thomas. It appears that Mrs. Thomas' little boy had entered Mrs. Harris' garden and was doing injury there, refusing to leave when told to do so, when Mrs. Harris caught him by the arm and inflicted a few slight blows with a bit of lath. Mrs. Harris was making this explanation to the Justice, without visible agitation, when she suddenly stepped into an adjoining room, the office of the Justice being in his residence, and asked one of his daughters for a drink of water, which was handed to her. She raised the glass to her lips, but was unable to drink, and returning the glass attempted to enter the office again, saying faintly, "Take me home." The Justice caught her as she was sinking, and she was carried to a couch in the parlor and expired, without speaking again, in eleven minutes. A physician was immediately summoned, but did not arrive until she had ceased to breathe. Justice Riddles was sent for and held an inquest upon the body, the verdict being that death ensued from embolism of the heart. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon and was largely attended.

Democratic Standing Committee.

Bellefonte—Northward, A Sternberg; Westward, Jack M'Clellan; Southward, Wm Furey.
Renner—Adam Y Wagner.
Boggs—Henry L Barnhart.
Burnside—J R Gilliland.
Curtin—Henry Thiel.
Ferguson—George Eckle.
Gregg—John F Hechman.
Haines—John R Bair.
Half Moon—Ellis Lytle.
Harris—Samuel Ishler.
Howard bor.—George Sperring.
Howard twp.—Geo D Johnson.
Huston—John Q Miles.
Liberty—Daniel Bitner.
Marion—John M'Cally.
Miles—Uriah Shafer.
Patton—Wm Reed.
Potter—B F Arney.
Philipsburg—C A Talkner.
Penn—D L Zerby.
Rush—H B Wilcox.
Snowshoe—Able Campbell.
Spring—John Noll.
Taylor—Samuel Hoover.
Union—John G Hall.
Walker—Thomas Dunkle.
Worth—Wm Williams.

1875.

THE NEXT ELECTION.

The following points in regard to voting should be borne in mind, and attended to at once:

The new constitution forbids all persons from voting unless they have been assessed at least two months and paid their taxes at least one month before the date of the election. No one of foreign birth can vote unless, in addition to the above, he has been naturalized a month previous to the election.

The date of holding the next election is Tuesday, November 2nd.

Wednesday, September 1st, is the last day on which voters can be assessed.

Friday, October 1st, is the last day on which they can pay taxes.

Friday, October 1st, is the last day for taking out naturalization papers.

Each of these important duties can be performed at any time before the days mentioned. Let our friends see to it, that the matter is attended to before it is to late.

GERMAN PRECURSORS OF DARWIN.—This materialist philosophy, from which God, the soul, and the idea are forever absent, had its origin the last century, having, like all modern ideas, many ancient predecessors in the science of the Greeks. Lamark, a Frenchman, was the first to point out that species were developed through progressive evolutions. The immense authority of Cuvier discredited this theory, in spite of its having appeared again in St. Hilaire, until Darwin came to revive it, after twenty years of observations and study, in his wonderful book of the Origin of Species.

In Germany this doctrine had forerunners, and still has adherents, who extend and push it to extremes. Treviranus regarded the zoophytes as the root of the tree of organism, whose most perfect fruit is the human brain. Oken gives the same origin to all beings, says they grow, transform themselves one into another, and all continually ascend to a superior life. Goethe, whose studies on organic beings are much more meritorious and profound than his studies upon light, declares, in the Metamorphoses, the existence of an organic type, the leaf, of which all plants are variations and irradiations. And he considers the vertabra in zoological organisms the same as the leaf in the vegetable organism, and regards the human brain as composed of vertebrae similar to those which form the spinal marrow in vertebrate animals. The cranium is a bony capsule, a larger variation of the rings which encircle and contain the marrow, and the same is true of the cranium of all mammals. After having recognized in man the intermaxillary bone, which demonstrates his kinship with inferior beings, he declares that all organisms proceed from one common rot; that there is a close relation between the vegetable organisms and the animal; that some species are derived from others, as the butterfly is derived from the grub; that by a centripetal force organisms are strongly attached to the fundamental law of their species, and by another centrifugal force they are disunited and diversified into innumerable species, which fill the eternal and the infinite with the rich texture of their form.

We would never finish if we had to mention all the authors in Germany who have, before or since Darwin, sustained the principle of the transformation of species. The one who with most energy and success has promulgated the doctrine, under the high guidance of Darwin himself, is Haeckel, who is still bolder and more enthusiastic in his generalizations, carrying the theory from the vegetable and animal creations into history, and extending it as well to the development of worlds in space as to the development of humanity in time.—Emilio Castelar, in *Harper's Magazine for August.*

THE HISTORY OF A GREAT ENTERPRISE.—In 1854, the original incorporators of the Wilson Sewing Machine Company embarked in the manufacture of Sewing Machines, and from that time to the present, their time, talent, energy and capital have been employed in making First Class Sewing Machines with varied success attending their efforts." It being their constant aim to produce a Shuttle or Lock Stitch Machine that should be simple to handle, durable as steel and iron could make it, with unlimited capacity, unexcelled by any other machine, regardless of name or price, and withal to confine the price within the reach of all classes of people; and success has crowned their efforts in the production of the celebrated Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine, which combine all the Elegance, Simplicity, Durability and strength possible for any sewing machine to attain, they are the first and only first class moderate priced machine put in the market. Machines will be delivered at any railroad station in the county, free of transportation charges, if ordered through the Company's Branch house at 227 and 229 Broadway, N. Y.

They send an elegant catalogue and chromo circular, free on application.

This Company want a few more good agents.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION—FIFTY PERSONS KILLED.

London, Aug, 18. A Spanish vessel which was shipping material of war at Barcelona yesterday suddenly exploded and sank. Fifty persons were killed by the explosion or drowned.

——HELP TO MOTHERS NURSING INFANTS.—It is a conceded fact that mothers who have the care, anxiety and draught of nursing infants are weak and need the aid of some nourishment required for the growth of the child. Ale, porter, and larger beer have often been recommended. Of late, since physicians have become aware that the Port Grape Wine produced by Alfred Speer, of Passaic, N. J., is strictly pure they have prescribed it instead of ale and porter. This wine is principally sought for by mothers who have nursing infants at the breast, as the best supplying medium to be found. The wine is rich in body and not intoxicating but gently stimulating. Druggists generally keep it, and sell it for a dollar a bottle.—*Enquirer.*

WHAT BUCHU HELMBOLD SAYS ABOUT HIMSELF.

Dr. H. T. Helmbold, who was known four years ago as the most extensive advertiser in America, has returned within a few days to Philadelphia from Europe, where he has been residing since 1871. He said to a reporter of the Philadelphia Times, among other things: This is my native city, and it is to this city that I look more than to all others for support. I commenced business on $50 at the northeast corner of Eighth and Brown streets as a druggist. It was at this time that I discovered my fluid extract of buchu. I then moved to the basement of the Butler House, Tenth and Chestnut streets. Afterwards, in 1854, I opened the finest drug store in the world on the property of E. N. Sherrerd, on Shestnut, between Ninth and Tenth. But my success here was so questioned on the opening night, a disbelief was so engendered that so young a man could not compete successfully with established druggists, that the credit I had gained was completely broken down, and after a series of struggles I failed, and my property passed into the hands of an assignee. Nothing was ever realized by any of the creditors from their assignee, but prior to my departure for New York these obligations were discharged by me, through a business I commenced under the $300 law and conducted on this very spot, No. 104 South Tenth street; those who did not prosecute me were paid in full. Then I concluded I would remove to New York, and compete with the leading druggists of America. I opened at No. 594 Broadway in 1860 the largest and handsomest "palace" drug store in the country. It was twenty-eight feet front and 215 feet deep, and in a five story building. On the opening night I took in $6,000 cash, and before one month had expired I was owner of the builing. Before another month I was owner of a residence on Fourteenth street, where I resided until 1871. My annual profits, after taking the store in New York, were never less than $100,000, and often exceeded $220,000. During the year prior to my departure (1871) they amounted to $220,000, and had I discontinued my advertising at this time would have exceeded $700,000 a year. But I never was a lover of money, and doubled on my advertisements. Whatever display I have made in carriages was not from selfishness, but was another species of advertising. The whole world depends upon enterprise, and the press and the men who write for it are the machinery, and those who sit in their chairs complaining that "things are dull" must be dyspeptic, or "waiting for something to turn up," like Micawber. They are unworthy of a clean shirt or the love of woman.

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

Spotted Tail's Description of the Spirit World—The Indian's Religion—Where the Great Spirit will Lean to the Red Man's Cause.

Washington Letter to the Courier-Journal.

Correspondent—I want you to tell me somewhat of your religious belief.

Spotted Tail, after quite a pause, proceeded, in answer to questions put by your correspondent and Major Howard, to talk very gravely, the following being substantially what he said:

"Most Indians believe in the Great Spirit, in a heaven and in a hell. But some are unbelievers, and think that when they die they are no more, just like the dog and the horse. There are but two worlds, the one on which we live, and that one where the Great Spirit dwells. The spirit world is more than ten thousand times larger than this, its hunting fields have no end, and the game there is inexhaustible. Its flowers are more beautiful and fragrant than any we have ever known and its maidens are as lovely as the colors of the clouds before a setting sun, and never grow old. The land does not have to be cultivated there, but every kind of good fruit and in the greatest abundance, hang upon trees and vines continuously waiting to be plucked. Nothing ever dies there, and the wants of all who go there, are constantly and forever supplied without the necessity of any work. All good men, whether they are white or red, go to heaven, but a great difference will exist between the conditions of the races of men and individuals there and what they are here. Everything nearly will be reversed. The wealthy here will be poor there, the powerful and great here will be humble there. The Indians who have been overpowered by the intelligence and skill of the white man here will have a better chance there. Everything which was taken from them here will be given to them there even his gun, his dog, and pony. Here the Great Spirit has been on the white man's side; there he will lean to the cause of the Indian, and then," said he chief, his eyes flashing the mean time a fearful realization of the present condition of his people, we'll fight it out, and we will not be driven from our hunting grounds like the sneaking, savage wolf. The bad men of all nations will go down into the centre of the earth and be excluded from the spirit land."

Correspondent—But tell me. You know that when you die—when you people—they rot like the horse and dog, and their bodies go into the earth the air, and water. How is it that you are to go to the spirit land and do everything there as individuals very much after the same manner that you do here?

Spotted Tail—We go there as spirits and there get new bodies, which the white man can not kill.

Correspondent—Have you not heard through your missionaries about Jesus Christ, the Son of the Great Spirit?

Spotted Tail—Yes. I have heard all about Him; how good He was; what great things He did; how He would help the bad man to be good, and how he would lead all who would listen to Him to the Great Spirit, His Father, and I have also heard how the white man killed Him. The Indian never would have done that; he never would have murdered the Son of the Great Spirit. He would rather have loved Him better than his own life; would have given Him anything and all he had, and for Him would have gone upon the warpath and conquered the world. It was for a long time after I first heard about Jesus Christ that I did not understand how the white man could have killed Him; but when I got better acquainted with the whites, when I realized the fact that they had no respect for the rights of the Indian would take away his home where he was born, murder him and his children, despoil his women, and rob him of his winter's food. I then very readily understood how they could even kill the Son of the Great Spirit as they did.

Correspondent—Do the Indians often pray to the Great Spirit?"

Spotted Tail—Yes; on most all occasions whether great or small."

Correspondent—Do the Great Spirit answer their prayers?

Spotted Tail—Yes; he always answers the good men. He has given us all we have, and is always present to give us more, if we only do no wrong.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

Address of Her Majesty on the Prorogation of Parliament.

London, August 13.—Parliament was prorogued to-day till the 29th of October.

The Queen in her speech closing the session says:

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN: I am happy to be enabled to release you from attendance at Parliament.

The relations between myself and all foreign powers continue to be cordial, and I look forward with hope and confidence to the uninterrupted maintenance of European peace.

The visit paid to this country, on invitation of my Government, by the ruler of Zanzibar, has led to the conclusion of a supplementary convention, which I trust may be efficacious for the more complete suppression of the East African slave trade.

I have learned with deep regret that the expedition despatched by my Indian Government from Burmah, with the view to open communication with the western provinces of China, has been treacherously attacked by an armed force while on Chinese territory. This outrage, unhappily involving the death of a young and promising member of my consular service, is the subject of careful inquiry, and no effort shall be spared to secure the punishment of those by whom it was instigated and committed.

The condition of my colonial empire is generally prosperous.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons, I thank you for the liberal supplies you have voted for the public service.

My Lords and Gentlemen, it is gratifying to me to find that the lengthened consideration you have given the various statutes which have from time to time been passed for the preservation of the peace in Ireland has resulted in a measure which, while relaxing the stringency of former enactments, is calculated to maintain the tranquility of the country.

Her Majesty then referred to the other principal enactments of the session, her reference to the shipping bills being as follows:

The state of the public business and the differences of opinion naturally arising on a varied and comprehensive scheme have unfortunately prevented you from completing the consideration of the Merchant Shipping bill. But I rejoice that you have been able by a temporary enactment to diminish considerably the dangers to which my seafaring subjects are exposed.

I have every reason to hope the progress in the revenue system which has marked recent years will be fully sustained in the present.

The arrangements which you have made with respect to the reduction of the national debt and those for the better regulation of loans for public works will lead to valuable improvements in our system of imperial and local finance.

In bidding you farewell for the recess, I pray that the blessing of Providence may fall on your recent labors and accompany you in the discharge of all your duties.

EXTRAORDINARY EXPLOSION.

A Locomotive Blown To Pieces—Fragments Flying About—Nobody Killed.

Boston, Mass., August 13.—About 4:30 this afternoon freight engine No. 1 exploded in the freight-yard of the Fitchburg Railroad at Charlestown. The engineer, fireman and a brakeman were on the engine at the time. The two former were blown out of the cab and landed on the roof of a car on rear of the tender, escaping without serious injury. The brakeman, Edward Hackett, was thrown to the ground and horribly scalded, but may recover. The cause of the explosion is not ascertained. The engine was thought to be in good order. The force of the explosion was very great, and it seems miraculous there was no loss of life. Pieces of the boiler weighing some 200 pounds were blown through the side wall of a wooden freight-house twenty feet distant, in which several men were at work handling freight, all of whom escaped injury. Rails were torn from the track beside the engine and bent as though made of lead. One rail was carried fifteen feet and forced through the wall of the freight depot. On the track beside the engine was a train of freight cars and one standing opposite. The locomotive was made a complete wreck. Fragments of the boiler and other portions of the engine were blown in all directions. A piece of the boiler weighing thirty-two pounds, was blown into the air, and falling nearly a quarter of a mile from the scene of the explosion, passed through the roof of the St. John's Episcopal Church, on the corner of Bow and Richmond streets, and landed in the main aisle, within three feet of where a woman was engaged in washing up the floor. A portion of the bell of the engine, weighing ten pounds, struck the roof of house No. 31 Union street, an eighth of a mile distant, passing through two thicknesses of board and lodging in an eight-inch timber, which it clearly cut in two. The tongue of the bell, weighing ten pounds, struck the roof of house No. 16 Richmond street, near St. John's Church, and passed through to the second story hall and fell at the feet of Mrs. S. Kelton and her two children. A gentleman passing along Bow street, a quarter of a mile distant, was struck on the head by a fragment of the boiler and severely cut. The chimney of the "L" of a house in the rear of St. John's Church was demolished by a falling fragment of the boiler, and several houses in the vicinity were more or less injured by these flying pieces of iron. Pieces of hot iron fell in the streets in the immediate vicinity of groups of children who were at play, yet so far as heard from, none were in the least injured.

TERRIBLE ACT OF AN INSANE MOTHER.

Reading, Pa., August 17.—In this city this afternoon, the wife of Captain Philip Bissinger, accompanied by her three children, two girls and a boy, aged respectively 9, 6 and 3 years, left her home and walked up the tow path of the Union Canal, and when near Gring's mill, three miles north of this city, deliberately walked into the canal and drownded herself and her children. The bodies were recovered and brought here this evening.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Detroit, Mich., August 14.—The fourth day's general session of the American Association of the Advancement of Science met at the Opera House this morning.

Professor Putnian announced that a payment of $50 would secure one a life membership and exempt him from the payment of further dues.

In Section A the first paper was read by Professor Leonard, of Iowa City, upon the passage of the Iowa Metcorite, he showing some of the fragments of it. It fell on February 10th last. The sky was clear, and the district in which it was seen was 450 miles long by 200 miles wide, the length running from southwest to northeast, and the width nearly east and west. The meteorite looked like a cylinder, or like a very much elongated horse-shoe. It left a train of inky blackness, although the meteorite itself was intensely brilliant. Some noise was heard when it fell, the fragments weighing in the aggregate 500 pounds. These observations are the most complete on record of any meteority. The next paper was read by Professor Levering, Cambridge, Mass., on an acoustic method of measuring the velocity of electricity. He said that electricity has no technical velocity, as the term is applied to other subjects. The answer to the question of velocity, as generally understood, requires a knowledge of how far electricity is to travel. It is supposed that one experiment proved that electricity travels 288,000 miles in a second under any circumstances, as when used on a very long conductor. When travelling upon a short conductor it may not travel more than 800 miles per second. The longest lines of telegraph will be required for satisfactory experiment.

THE HERZEGOVINIAN REVOLT—HORRICLE ATROCITIES.

Vienna, August 18.—The Herzegovinian revolt is rapidly spreading. The insurgents are daily receiving hundreds of recruits. Terrible atrocities are perpetrated, both by the rebel and Turkish troops. The christians, whenever they encounter the Turks and gain the advantage, pursue and slaughter their enemies without mercy. The Turks retaliate with equal cruelty, and massacre the christians in return. No quarter is offered. The priests are increasing the intensity and bitterness of the conflict by preaching a religious war.

PEACHES IN BALTIMORE.

Continuance of Over-Stocked Markets.

The Baltimore Sun gives the following account:

There were 22,000 boxes of peaches at Light street wharf on Thursday, and the glut continued. Packers bought 10,000 boxes at from 40 to 90c. per box, much of the fruit they took bringing 70c. Good yellow peaches, nearly all Crawfords, were the only kinds that packers wanted. For some choice lots $1, was paid, in one instance a lot of 300 boxes bringing that figure. The rates at which peaches not wanted by the packers and for near-by shipments were sold, were as low as on Wednesday, ranging from 5 to 40c. a box. Hundreds, and probably thousands of boxes of fruit were sold to the street hawkers and small marketmen at from 10 to 15c., and large numbers of wagons were to be seen leaving Light street at all hours of the day with from 20 to 25 bushels each, which did not cost the buyer more than $2 or $3. These peaches in a less abundant season would be considered in fair order by dealers, but their presence in market and brought disaster to the growers.

GEORGIA.

Confession of a Prominent Negro Insurrectionist.

Augusta, August 24.—Several of the prominent negroes connected with the troubles in the counties below here have made confessions. Jake Moorman, first lieutenant of a negro company, testifies on oath that nineteen counties were to be embraced in the insurrection. Last Friday was to be appointed for the uprising. All white men and ugly women were to be killed, pretty white women were to be spared and the spoils were to be divided among the negroes. All who have so far confessed substantially the same as Jake Moorman.

Chicago, August 23.—There was quite a heavy frost in various localities in this state and Iowa last night. Most of the small vines were killed. Potatoes and corn were more or less injured.

WISCONSIN.

Great Damage by the Frost.

Milwaukee, August 23.—Advices from thirteen counties in different parts of the state show that there was a frost on Sunday morning. Corn suffered great damage, and report comes from some places that three-quarters of it is killed. Tobacco, of which there is a large acreage in Rock and Jefferson counties, is totally destroyed. Hops, buckwheat, potatoes and all vines on low lands are badly injured. The weather is cold and there is a prospect for another frost to-night.

GRIMWOOD'S BODY IDENTIFIED.

Chicago, Aug. 19.—The representatives of the Journal arrived from Whitehall, Mich., this morning with Grimwood's body, which has been fully identified. Vessel men in the vicinity of Whitehall claim to have seen another body, supposed to be that of Donaldson, but as yet there has been no confirmation of this statement. Grimwood's father left this city this morning with the remains of his son for Bristol Station, Kendall county, where the funeral will take place.

THE PEACH TRADE.

Saturday, 14, was another busy day among the Baltimore dealers in peaches. The receipts on Light street wharf amounted to about 18,000 boxes, and prices ranged from twenty to sixty cents per box. Peaches of good quality sold for seventy-five cents, and fine yellow fruit brought one dollar and still higher figures. Only packers invested money in peaches at the last named prices. A larger number of packers was noticed in the market than has been the case during the week. This leads to the opinion that by the middle of the present week all the packers will make heavy purchases, as better fruit will be received. In addition to the "Troths" the varieties of peaches that arrived Saturday included the Crawford's Yorks, Mountain Rose, &c. About one-half of the receipts were reshipped to the west.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

The Prodding Under Which the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher Writes.

New York Sun.

When Mr. Beecher agreed with the projectors of the "Life of Christ," some years ago, that it would be more profitable to write the work from an orthodox rather than a liberal standpoint, he received $10,000 on account, and promised to finish the book in two years. His failure to keep the contract, it is conceded, has led more than almost anything else to the failure of J. B. Ford & Co., his publishers. "You would be surprised," said one of his church members, in an excusatory way, to a reporter, "to know how irksome it is for Mr. Beecher to write. He hates the labor of using a pen and while he could talk and talk all day with pleasure, he would be pestered to death if he had to write. He has frequently put off writing for Mr. Bonner until the last minute, and then dashed off something which came into his head and was worth reading because he had his name to it. He knows the printer's cry for "copy," for he has written the "Lite of Christ" under the habitual prodding of Mr. Ford, and he has often had to write while the messenger waited for his manuscript." Mr. Beecher is said to have made another promise to begin to labor diligently on the last third of the second volume of the "Life of Christ" when he returns in the fall.

NEW GOODS!

—AT THE—

Centre Mills Store,

J. F. THRONE

has just opened a fine Stock of GENERAL MERCHANDISE which he is selling at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,

Consisting in

DRY GOODS,
ALPACCAS,
MOHAIRS,
PIQUES,
LAWNS,
MUSLINS,
PRINTS,
FLOUNTS,
SHIRTING,
TWEEDS,
JEANS,
COTTONADES,
FINE CASSIMERS,
EMBORDERIES,
GLOVES,
SHAWLS,
HOSIERY,
SKIRTS,
RIBBONS,

and fancy articles belonging to the Grocery department Sugars, Coffees, Syrup, N. Orleans Molasses, Domestic and Foreign Fruits, Fish, Salt, everything usually found in this department.

QUEENSWARE, whole sets or dishes or by the piece.

DRUGS and PATENT MEDICINES.

WOOD and WILLOWWARE.

HARDWARE,

FORKS, RAKES, SHOVELS, HOES, NAILS, &c.; GENTS' CALF BOOTS, LADIES' BUTTON GAITORS & MOROCCO, CHILDRENS' SHOES of fall kinds.

TOBACCO & CIGARS, all at greatly reduced prices. Call and see for yourselves. No charge for showing goods.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID for all kinds of Grain, and country Produce taken in exchange for goods.

June3-3m.

Headquarters for Boots and Shoes!

POWERS'

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

Opposite Bush House,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Powers' Boot & Shoe Store is the largest and best stocked establishment in Centre County.

He keeps constantly on hand a full line of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

He is just opening the largest stock of Spring Goods ever brought to Bellefonte.

FINE SHOES

for ladies, kept constantly on hand.

Boots and Shoes for men and women, of all styles, quality and prices, from the most costly to the cheapest, constantly kept on hand.

WE DEFY COMPETITION!

either in quality or prices. Call and examine his new stock of Spring and Summer Goods, and you will find it to your advantage. Apr21ly.

KINGSFORD'S

OSWEGO PURE

—AND—

Silver Gloss Starch,

For the Laundry,

MANUFACTURED BY

T. KINGSFORD & SON,

The Best Starch in the World.

Gives a Beautiful Finish to the Linen, and the difference in cost between it and common starch is scarcely half a cent for an ordinary washing. Ask your Grocer for it.

KINGSFORD'S

Oswego Corn Starch,

FOR PUDDINGS, BLANC MANGE, ICE CREAM, &C.

Is the original—Established in 1848. And preserves its reputation as "Purer, Stronger and More Delicate than any other article of the kind offered, either of the same name or with other titles.

STEVENSON MACADAM, Ph. D., &c., the highest chemical authority of Europe, carefully analyzed this Corn Starch, and says it is a most excellent article of diet and in chemical and feeding properties is fully equal to the best arrow root.

Directions for making Puddings, Custards, &c., accompany each one pound package.

☞*For Sale at WM. WOLF'S, Centre Hall.* June 10.3m.

JOHNSON'S HOTEL,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Johnson & Son's, proprietors, having refitted and newly furnished this house are now prepared to accommodate travelers in the most satisfactory manner.

June10. tf.

A correspondent writes to the Chicago Times:

I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for the past two years, and wish to present for publication for the benefit of mankind a simple remedy for that dreadful disease, dyspepsia. For years I suffered terribly from this complaint, and tried all manner of patent medicines, which did me no good. Some years ago I was a resident of the city of New Orleans. There I became acquainted with a distinguished French lady, who encouraged me to use white mustard seed, taking one teaspoonful before each meal, three times a day. I kept up this practice for a month or six weeks, at the end of which I almost felt like another being, as I was sound and hearty, and have never been troubled since. A number of my acquaintances haye also been relieved. These are my reasons for submitting the above in your paper.

Chicago, August 17.—A special dispatch to the Chicago Evening Journal from Whitehall, Mich., says the body of N. S. Grimwood, who asceaded with Donaldson in his ill-fated balloon, was found yesterday on the beach of Lake Michigan, near Stony Creek, by Mr. A. Beckwith. The body was fully dressed with the exception of boots or shoes. Letters belonging to Mr. Grimwood and notes of his balloon trip were found on the body, fully establishing its identity.

MARRIAGES.

On the 5th inst., Franklin Reside to Miss Ellen Decker, both of Harris township, Centre county, Pa.

On 19th inst., in Centre Hall, Mr. William Smith to Miss Mary Breon, by John Shannon, both of Potter township, Centre county.

DEATHS.

On 18, at Centre Hall, Mary Ester, daughter of C. E. Peck, aged 1 year, 8 months and 15 days.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, August 23.—Seeds—Prime western cloverseed is selling at 14c per lb. Timothy is worth $3, and flaxseed is taken by the crushers at $1.75.

Groceries—Coffee is very firm at 17¼@21c for ordinary to choice Rio 20¼@21¾c for Laguayra, and 24@28c for Java. Sugar is quiet at 7¼@8c for fair and 8¼c. for good refining Cuba. Molasses is firm and in small supply. We quote Cuba at 39@40c for 50 test.

Flour and meal—The flour market is quiet, the inquiry being confined to the wants of the home consumers. Sales of 600 bbls., including superfine at $4 75@5; extras at $5 25@5 75; Wisconsin extra family at $6 25@6 50; Minnesota do. do. at $6 75@7 25; Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana do. do. at $6 25@7 25, and fancy brands at $7 50@8 50, as to quality. Rye flour is selling at $5 75. In corn meal no sales.

The wheat market is without special change. Sales of old red at $1 47; new do. at $1 40; and new amber at $1 45. In rye no sales. Corn of prime quality is scarce and commands 83@85c. for yellow and mixed, and 6,000 bushels out of condition sold at 72@82c for old white and 45@62c for new.

CATTLE MARKET.

Philadelphia, August 23.—The better grades of beef cattle were in fair request this morning, but other kinds were dull. We quote at 3¾@7¾c. Receipts, 2,900 head.

Sheep met a moderate demand at 5@6¼c. Receipts, 12,000 head.

Hogs were stronger, and corn fed changed hands at $12@12 50. Receipts, 4,000 head.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1 15 Red 110....Rye 90 .....Corn 65 ....Oats 60.....Barley 90. 70.....Cloverseed 8,00.....Potatoes 60 Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 15.....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15. Lard per pound 8 cents,.....Buckwheat 65 cts.....Flour per barrel retail 7,00... Nova Scotia plaster $14 to 15. Cayuga plaster $9,50 per 2000 lbs.

TREES FOR FALL PLANTING

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Evergreens, Ornamental Shrubs, Climbing Plants, Grapes, Currants, Gooseberries, Strawberries, Raspberries, and other small Fruits, Asparagus, Rhubarb &c.

SEEDS FOR FALL SOWING.

Seed Wheats, (see price list); Orchard, Ky. Blue, Herds (Red Top), Clover, Timothy and other Grass Seeds; Turnip Seeds of all kinds; Vegetable and Flower Seeds; Hedge and tree Seeds. BULBS—Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Lilies, and other Bulbs for Fall planting; Horticultural Goods, Terra Cotta Ware, &c. Send for price list, or enclose 25c for full illustrated Catalogue. Address

Seeds

EDWD J. EVANS & CO.,

Nurserymen and Seedsman, York, Pa.

19 aug 3m.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the court of Common Pleas, in the 25th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, and the Honorable W. W. Love and the Honorable H. Dogg, Associated Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 14th day of Aug. A. D. 1875, to me directed for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the 4th Monday of August, being the 23rd day of Aug. 1875, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of the said county of Centre, that they be and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the Jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of Aug., in the year of our Lord, 1875, and in the ninety-ninth year of Independence of the United States.

B. F. SHAFFER, Sheriff.

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS AND

Panic Prices.

H. A. LARRIMER.

at the old Centre Hill stand.

Just opening a Stock of

NEW GOODS,

OLD FASHIONED PRICES!

A large variety of Ladies Dress Goods

Great Bargains in Muslins and Calicoes.

Ready-made Clothing Warranted to Suit.

His Cloths and Cassimers, Cant be excelled

His Grocery Department,

Astonishes every one in assortment and low prices.

Syrup, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Canned fruits, Domestic and Foreign Fruits, Cheese, and every other article belonging to the Grocery Department

☞Farmers, Mechanics and Laborers look to your interest. One dollar saved is a dollar in pocket. Then call and see at what astonishingly low prices.

☞No trouble to show Goods.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Household Hints.

SHORT PASTE FOR FRUIT TARTS.—Put a pound of flour upon your pastry slab, with six ounces of butter, and rub them well together with your hands, then make a hole in the center, in which put two ounces of powdered sugar, two whole eggs, and rather more than a wineglassful of water; mix the eggs, sugar and water well together, then draw in the flour and butter, shaking the whole well together lightly with the hands.

ASPARAGUS SOUP.—Two quarts of good beef or veal stock, four onions, two or three turnips, some sweet herbs, and the white parts of a hundred young asparagus—if old, half the quantity—and let them simmer till fit to be rubbed through a tammy; strain and season it; have ready the green tops of the asparagus, and add them to the soup.

RICE PUDDING WITH FRUIT.—In a pint of new milk put two large spoonfuls of rice, well washed; then add two apples, pared and quartered, or a few currants or raisins. Simmer slowly till the rice is very soft, then add one egg beaten, to bind it; serve with cream and sugar.

TO BOIL NEW POTATOES.—Rub off the skins, and lay the potatoes in cold water for an hour or two, then put them into an iron saucepan, and cover them with water; put on the lid, and let them boil for half an hour. Try one; if not quite done, cover them for a few minutes longer. Drain the water off; let them stand a minute or two over the fire to dry, then serve.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice stone, and one part of finely powdered chalk; sift through a fine sieve and mix it with water, then rub it well all over the marble and the stains will be removed; then wash the marble over with soap and water, and it will be as clean as it was at first.

The Capabilities of an Acre of Ground.

J. M. Smith, a market gardener at Green Bay, Wis., furnishes some interesting statements of his experiments in high culture. He has found the rule invariable, not a single exception to it, that the more he has spent cultivating and manuring the greater have been the net profits per acre. Last season he cultivated fourteen acres, and began with a more thorough and expensive cultivation than ever before. The result was that, although there was a "terrific drought," one of the dryest seasons ever known in that region, after spending $3,986, or $384 per acre, he had a better balance than for any previous year.

He appears to regard constant cultivation, especially through droughts, in connection with copious manuring, as all-important. Stable manure is the standard, with such use of superphosphates, plaster, lime, ashes and other manures as experience and good sense point out. "After you have learned how to spend money to the best advantage," he remarks, "a larger profit may be made by laying out $300 per acre than with loss. After the second year if your land does not pay all its expenses, taxes and ten per cent. on $1,000 per acre, there is something wrong somewhere. I have some acres of land that did not pay expenses for two years, but for a number of years past have not failed to pay ten per cent. on at least $2,000 per acre. I expect my whole garden to do more than that in a short time."

He adds that he is now aiming at 1,000 bushels of onions per acre, then a crop of carrots or turnips, or 500 bushels of early potatoes; or, if strawberries, 12,800 quarts, or 400 bushels per acre.

Earth as a Deodorizer.

Slops from the kitchen can be run upon a heap of dirt, which may be occasionally shoveled over and changed after it has absorbed a good deal of filth. It is then well worth removing to use as a fertilizer. It is better than running underground into a pit, where the odors generally find some way of escape, often into the kitchen, on account of some defect or stoppage of the pipes. The use of dry earth is vastly better than to wash the filth into a sewer, thence into a river, to contaminate the air and water. A little mouse, a dead frog or squirrel, or a few dead worms will spoil the water of a well so every one will smell it and refuse to drink it. The same subjects are completely deodorized by a small shovelful of dry earth.

How to Rake Hay.

There are many more tons of hay lost annually than farmers are aware of from raking it the wrong way. When cut with a machine the grass falls back and if you rake it in the same direction that you cut you will get all the grass, as it all lays back with the tops over the butts shingle fashion. But if you rake in the opposite direction it shingles the wrong way and instead of the grass back gathering that in front, it slides over and loses constantly. But few farmers ever think of so small a matter, but the millions of grass spears lost by raking the wrong way make hundreds of tons.

Copperas and Lime for Potato Bugs.

B. F. Phillips, of Ashtabula county, Ohio, gives the following as his plan for destroying the potato bug: Take equal parts of copperas and slacked lime. I used five pounds of each to twenty gallons of water, and put it on with a whitewash brush. One hand can dop an acre or more in a day. I reduced a small quantity about one-half, and it had the same effect; and so far from injuring it seemed to improve the vines. My field of potatoes were literally alive with the bugs; I gave the potatoes one doping, and next day not a live bug could be found in the field.

Food for Calves.

Several substitutes may be used in the place of new milk in raising calves. In butter dairying, skim milk will answer every purpose. When the calf is a week old, begin to substitute skim for new milk, giving it warm, and in two weeks more the entire feed may be skim milk. Where milk is sold or made into cheese, when the calf has been fed a week on new milk a gradual change may be made by adding a mucilage made by steeping oil meal in hot water and mixing with the new milk—a spoonful of oil meal for the first few days, and increasing by a spoonful at a time until a half-pint is reached in four weeks, when the milk, having been gradually reduced, can be dispensed with. A little scalded meal or flour can be also gradually introduced with the oil meal, making a gruel of the mess. Hay tea is also successfully used by many as a good substitute for milk. The hay must be fresh and green.—*Tribune.*

Hints on Poultry Keeping.

In keeping fowls healthy we have found nothing equal to onions chopped fine, and thoroughly mixed with meal, or meal and millfeed. They eat it readily. In the incipient stages of most of their common diseases, including cholera, we have always found this an effectual remedy. As sulphur enters largely into the formation of the feathers, it should be frequently fed to them. In winter, or when kept confined, hens to lay well must have meal often, and pounded bones, the fresher the better, or oyster shells. If fed with these plentifully, with such variety of grain as they like best, and well housed and watered, they will lay nearly as well in winter as in summer, and will seldom if ever eat their own eggs.

America at the Exhibition.

In referring to the Centennial exhibition the New York *Tribune* sagaciously says: No doubt there will be American exhibitors of all kinds in plenty, but the danger is that they will leave the work to be done until the eleventh hour, precisely as they did in Paris and Vienna, and that whatever commendation their skill might command will be dampened by the too evident display of the national lack of system and headlong habit of hurry and incompleteness. The buildings promise to be all that is required. The commissioners are zealous and trustworthy. Now it is time for our manufacturers and craftsmen to do their part with order and dispatch.

Fishermen should always take a lunch along with them, for they may not be able to get a bite during the day.

The Care of Children.

At a meeting of the medical board of the Eastern Dispensary, one of the largest institutions of the kind in the city of New York, Dr. Fuller-Walker, the attending children's physician to the dispensary, read a paper on enterocolitis, or the inflammation of the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, some portions of which are condensed and given below:

Of the two hundred cases which last year occurred between April 1 and December 31, nine-tenths were in children between the ages of seven months and two and half years, or at that period in life when dentition is in progress, and the mother begins to feed the infant other food than is offered by the breast. With the majority of mothers the notion prevails that teething causes bowel complaints, and if a disturbance of the alimentary canal manifests itself coincidentally with the appearance of teeth in the child's mouth, the mother imagines that she discovers cause and effect at once. Severe dentition, where the gums are greatly swollen and the mouth inflamed, may cause a slight disturbance of the digestive apparatus, leading in the end to a gentle diarrhea; but my experience confirms the views held by Dr. J. Lewis Smith, that the doctrine that dentition is the cause of a large proportion of infantile diseases is erroneous. Undoubtedly the gravest error committed by parents is in the matter of giving food to their children. I find it to be almost always the fact that a child suffering from inflammation of the bowels has been fed with corn starch, coffee and tea, sour or poor milk, bits of bread, meat, cake, and a bit of everything there is going about the house. Not more than ten cases out of the two hundred occurred in infants below the age of six months, and not more than twenty-five in children over three years of age. These facts show that bowel complaints commence in children from the time those having them in charge begin to stuff them with a great variety of food, much of which is totally unsuited to their little stomachs and their tender bowels. Recognizing the fact that errors in diet are the chief cause of bowel complaints, I always endeavor to regulate these matters, and, as a rule, insist that all forms of solid food shall be withheld from infants; only warm, pure milk being given. This is bland, soothing, nutritious, and will be received by the stomach and bowels, if any form of food can be taken. It should never be kept in an ice box with meat and vegetables. Where it is difficult to get pure, fresh milk, Borden's condensed milk, properly reduced, is recommended; and it is sometimes a good plan to mix the milk with barley water. The milk treatment I have found to be very successful. Light is as essential to human as to vegetable life, and growing children need it far more than adults. Errors in clothing are almost as bad in their effect as errors of diet; especially in a climate so changeable as the American. Soft flannel shirts should be worn during both summer and winter. The dress should never form a ligature about any portion of the body, since it interrupts circulation and promotes congestion. If the physician can properly control the hygienic conditions surrounding a child, he will find that in most cases very little medicine of any sort need be given.

A Wrestling Match.

Olive Harper, in the St. Louis *Globe*, gives an account of a wrestling match in Albania: The men were stripped entirely naked. Their bodies were rubbed with oil, and they entered the lists. Two stepped out and they were soon locked in an embrace that seemed most loving, but for the twistings and contortions and fierce looks of the wrestlers. The force, the strength, the magnificent structure of form, the great, straining muscles and the lithe, sinuous twistings of the body was something to remember forever. I watched, breathless, with every nerve tense, admiring the beauty and strength of the men, when one gave way a little and the other threw him heavily on the ground, where he lay for a moment apparently dead. My sympathies had, like those of any other woman, been with the handsomer of the two, but now I was all for the one who lay helpless; but sympathy he did not need, for in five minutes he was ready again, and the strainings and bendings commenced anew, and in a short time the other lay upon the grass, and he stood triumphant. The third trial was to be definite, and the struggle was fiercer and lasted longer than either of the others. Then the strong muscles stood out on the broad backs; then the white legs were pillars of iron; then the grand chests heaved with the deep breathings of these two strong wrestlers—gladiators of living marble, with necks like the "tower of Lebanon." Not a sound from the multitude to break the silence; all were as breathlessly anxious as I, watching the two splendid athletes. When the one who had fallen the first took the other, somehow, around the waist and bent over him and bore him to the ground, then the shouts that arose made the very mountains tremble.

A Serious Religious Outbreak.

The Herzegovinian insurrection is assuming threatening proportions. On account of the nearness of the province of Herzegovina to Austria, that empire is supposed to have a deep interest in the welfare of the people, especially as Christians form a considerable element in the population. The insurrection began with troubles between the Moslems and Christians; it has gradually drifted into a rebellion against Turkish domination. Servia, a semi-independent State, sympathizes with the Herzegovinians, and the Servians are aiding the insurrectionists by subscriptions. Prince Milan, the reigning sovereign of Servia, is making a pilgrimage to Vienna for the purpose, it is said, of ascertaining what position Austria proposes to occupy in this latest complication. Austria, at the first outbreak, hastily dispatched troops to the frontier, but has preserved a strict neutrality. Servia is interested to know if this attitude is to be preserved, or if Austria will interfere in the interests of peace in case the insurrection shall long continue. Meantime, Servia, which has been under the rule of native princes, but nominally subjects to Turkey, since 1815, may drift into the current and become actually independent.

In a Detroit Police Court.

"Erastus Washburne Harrison, the police say that you are a drone-bee in the great hive of industry," said the court to the next prisoner.

"I can prove my character," replied Erastus, settling back on his dignity.

"I don't want any proof—proof sticks out all over you. See the whitewash on your back! Gaze at that head of hair, which hasn't been ambled over with a comb since you can remember! Behold that soiled shirt—those old clothes—your general dilapidated look. It's no crime to be poor, Mr. Harrison, but it's meanor than pizen for a poor man to be lazy!"

"I haint lazy," replied the prisoner.

"Ah! Erastus, don't talk to me! I see no ambition in your eye—no resolution in your face—no dust around in your actions. You wouldn't crack a cocoanut for the sake of the milk and meat. Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise."

"I haven't got any aunt," said Mr. Harrison.

"Well, you've got to ante out of this, my humble friend. I'm going to make it sixty days."

Erastus marched back with stern and deliberate step.

Human Nature.

A Detroit commercial traveler walked down the aisle of a passenger coach the other day, having on an outlandish linen duster and an old straw hat, and seven women, who had seats by themselves, piled their baggage on the spare half and looked out of the windows to avoid seeing him. While he was sitting on the woodbox and chewing the bitter end of reflection a man with a brass watch chain and a three dollar set of glass diamonds entered the car, and six of the women lifted their satchels down and moved close up to the side of the car. Such things are not right, but they always will be.

The Story of a Wreck.

There were one hundred and three women on board the ill-fated Schiller, and of all this number only one was saved. She tells the story of the wreck as follows: We were in the cabin at the time. As we started to go up the stairway I felt a sudden shock, and in an instant I appreciated the terrible fact that the vessel had struck. I was almost wild with terror, but my husband hurried me up the stairway only to find that our worst fears were realized. All was confusion, but our personal safety was the first thing to be thought of; so I jumped into a lifeboat which was hanging at the side of the ship, swung from the davits. There was something the matter with the gear, however, and we were compelled to get out again, and were put into another of the boats. They were full of water, and the people who had jumped or got into them the best way they could were crushing and even trampling on each other. I had been severely bruised from my leap into the first boat, and was still more seriously injured while in the second. As I told you, the boats were full of water, and the second one which we got into had a great deal of trouble in getting away from the side of the ship.

It seemed doomed not to escape the fury of the storm, for we were tossed about in the darkness for nearly two hours, the boat all the time being in a sinking condition. Finally we fell in with another boat, which took our party. For ten hours more our fate hung in the balance. So for twelve hours, bruised, faint and terror-stricken, I sat huddled up in an open boat. If I were asked which was the sweetest moment of my life I should say it was when my feet touched the shore of the island when we landed. I want to say that the treatment we received on landing was of the kindest and most hospitable character, even more so than our reception at Plymouth. One thing I forgot to mention. I am the only lady survivor of the Schiller, but in the second boat which we got into there was another lady lying in the bottom of it, but she was dead when we landed. In the crush and horror of the scene she was trampled upon; but whether she died from fright, or terror, or exhaustion, I am unable to say.

A reporter subsequently learned from the husband of Mrs. Joens that after they had partially recovered from the effects of the terrible ordeal through which they had passed they went to their native town in Schleswig, where they spent upward of seven weeks in recuperating their strength. Naturally enough his wife had a strong reluctance to again crossing the ocean, and it was only after the most earnest persuasion that she could be induced to undertake the voyage. All of their material interests were in Davenport, Iowa. They were possessed of considerable property near there in real estate, and so, finally, his wife was prevailed upon to cross the ocean again. All the way over, however, she was in constant dread and did not sleep an hour during any night. Mrs. Joens is a ruddy, pleasant looking lady, apparently about thirty-five years of age. While she told her story, it was evidently more with a desire to oblige than from any wish to dwell upon a subject which must be replete with painful recollections.

The Late I. M. Singer.

In the death of Isaac M. Singer, announced from London, says the Toledo (Ohio) *Commercial*, a strange life closed. The deceased had a checkered history. Of his early life we know little beyond the fact that he was a young man of bright talents and mental promise, with a special tendency to development in mechanic arts. When about thirty six years of age (in 1846), under the name of I. S. Merritt (substituting his middle for his last name), he appeared in Ohio as the proprietor of a "Great Moral Drama," designed to illustrate the vice of drunkenness, and enforce the principles of total abstinence. The success of the enterprise seems not to have met his expectations, for in a short time he found himself at Fredericksburg, Wayne county, bankrupt, and compelled to suspend operations and sell out his concern. Thus situated, he set about looking for other business. Having some knowledge of wood type manufacture, he soon found in Mr. Day (afterward well known to the printers of Ohio) a partner for the prosecution of that business in Fredericksburg, under the firm name of Day & Merritt. A limited establishment was improvised, with tools and machinery driven by horse power. The next spring Mr. "Merritt" started out with a one-horse wagon loaded with types, which he sold chiefly to country printers in Northern Ohio. Encouraged by the results of this trip, the firm went on and manufactured so liberally that the next spring Mr. "Merritt" set out with a double team and a larger load. The results of that trip were not known for many years, for the peddling partner failed to return to make report, having decamped with load, team, and the avails of the trip. The type business was continued for many years at Fredericksburg, and subsequently at Cincinnati by Mr. Day and a brother, but "Merritt", "returned no more." Subsequently, as already indicated, he turned up under his proper name, Isaac M. Singer, the sewing machine patentee, in which character he has long been known to the world. To what extent he was the real inventor of the machine bearing his name is disputed, it having been alleged that it was chiefly the work of other brains; but he became the patentee, and as such secured an enormous income, which for many years past has contributed liberally to the gratification of his tastes and desires, most of his time of late being spent in Europe. His life was a success in respect to pecuniary gain and notoriety; but in other respects, which most men regard as higher attainments of human ambition, he was not much known, and his record can hardly be held up for the emulation of young men.

The Tobacco Crop.

The July returns to the department of agriculture show that the acreage of tobacco is greater than that of last year, the increase being in the great tobacco-producing States. Maryland has increased her area four per cent.; Virginia, thirty; North Carolina, thirty-three; South Carolina, seven; Florida, twenty-three; Mississippi, sixteen; Arkansas, ten; Tennessee, two hundred and three; Kentucky, two hundred and twenty-three; Ohio, twenty-five; Indiana, forty-nine; Illinois, fifty-six; Missouri, sixty. New York, Pennsylvania and Texas report the same area as last year. New Hampshire has reduced her small acreage thirty per cent.; Massachusetts, twenty-five; Connecticut, two; Georgia, fifty; Alabama, ten; Louisiana, seven; Wisconsin, seventeen; Kansas, eleven. The condition of the crop is most satisfactory in the larger tobacco States, and is two per cent. above an average on the whole. Kentucky, which produces two-fifths of our whole crop, is thirty-four per cent. above the average. The other large producing States are either very near a full average or above. The remarkably depressed condition is noted only in the smaller producing States.

City Criminal Life.

An illustration of the way they do things at the Tombs in New York city is from the *World*: "Say, Eugene," said an officer at the Tombs to a clerk, "how many prisoners have I got on the sheet?" "Officer Smithkins, of the Twenty-ninth—nine," was the answer. "Well," replied the officer, "I've got my accounts sorter mixed; I know I run in ten, but I can only find eight in the cage." "Well, what are you going to do about it?" suavely asked the clerk. "Blest if I know. Say, Blenkinship, how many prisoners have you got?" (This to another officer). "O, I've only got seven, but our precinct 'll be called last." "Well, lend me a she one till after I get my cases done, and I'll go out on Center street and run one in to return to you." "Keerect. What sort of a one'll you have?" "I want a vagrant of about sixty, Irish, that was very drunk and abusive, and took four officers to run in." "Then I've just got your fit. Here, you, Mary Fitzgibbons, there," and he loosened an inmate of the bull pen. "Thanks; I'll do as much for you another time."

Hans Christian Andersen.

The announcement of the death of Hans Christian Andersen will be received with more than ordinary sorrow by the thousands whom his many works have amused and delighted. His death occurred at Copenhagen.

Hans Christian Andersen was born at Odense, Denmark, April 2, 1805. His father was a poor shoemaker, who died when the boy was nine years old. He had learned to read at a charity school, and after his father's death was employed in reading aloud to the members of a clergyman's family. Having an agreeable voice he was sent by his mother in 1819 to Copenhagen, where he tried to find employment in a theater; but on account of his awkwardness and ignorance he was rejected. Prof. Siboni, director of the royal conservatory, having heard of the boy's efforts, took him in charge and had him instructed as a singer for the stage; but at the end of a few months his voice failed him. By the aid of the poet Guldberg he was enabled to enter upon a course of study, and before long began to write for the stage. Some of his tragedies were highly praised by Oehlenschlager and others, but none of them were ever produced.

Having been admitted into one of the government schools through the influence of Councilor Collin, he worked hard, entered the royal college of Copenhagen, and in 1829, after completing his studies, printed his first book, "A Journey on Foot to Amak," which was received with great favor. He increased his reputation by sending forth a volume of poems, and in 1838 he visited Italy, his impressions of which he recorded in "The Improvisatore," a novel which has no rival as a picture of scenery and peasant life in southern Europe.

"O. T." was his next novel, and this was followed by "Only a Fiddler," which describes some of the most striking scenes in his early career. His "Fairy Tales," "Picture Book Without Pictures," and other delightful volumes written for children, but enjoyed by older people as well, were introduced to English-speaking nations by Mary Howitt and other translators, and rendered his fame world-wide. In 1846 he visited England, and three years afterwards wrote "The Two Baronesses" in English. About this time he received a royal annuity which raised him above want and left him in comfortable circumstances for the rest of his life.

A year or two ago a rumor was circulated to the effect that the kindly, genial old writer was in pecuniary trouble, and the children of America were called upon to contribute to the relief of their old friend's necessities. The response was prompt, and a large sum was forwarded to Andersen, who, on its receipt, wrote a touching letter thanking his little friends for the substantial token of their sympathy. While he was not in actual want, he said, he would accept their offering as a token of love and friendship.

A Noted Gambler.

The New York *Graphic* draws this picture of John Morrissey, who is now engaged in a conflict with Tammany: Such a head was never planted on shoulders. It was like a helmet inclosing another face. I have heard it said that his mother could whip an able-bodied man. Surely this is the most singular of all the prize-fighters. All his generation is in the grave—Hyer of liquor, Poole of murder, Sullivan of suicide, Heenan of self-inflicted disease, Sayers of success. This man survives all of them. Once he was the most unpopular man in America—when he bet against Heenan in the ring in England. He has plenty of people who like him now, but it is hard to draw close to him, for there is too much of the ogre about Morrissey to comprehend him with human lines. A solid, driving, business man, without a lazy bone in his body, passionate but not voluptuous, kind to his inferiors, independent with his superiors, diplomatic but not overbearing, too, he always reminds me of the docile giant in the story books, who no sooner grew mad than he ate one of the seven little Jacks. He has one or two sprees a year—not more—when he walks against awning-posts and they fall down, shakes hands with friends who go lame forever, and exhibits a dreadful picture of the grandeur and impotence of an enraged Achilles.

If this man had lived in Rome, and had been matched in the arena, he would have given more joy in the coliseum than any man of that age. His physique and head are his excuse for pugilism, because no such form was ever erected for any other known purpose than to be punched; like some great Thracian barbarian, he is surrounded with all the domestic virtues, while battling with every physical and social element. His wife trained him for his great fight with Heenan. He went to Congress by traveling from door to door, and saying to his constituents that he had been born so poor and ignorant that the only way he had to get up in the world was by his fist, and now he wanted to wash out that record for his son's sake, by going to Congress. Go he did twice. While there he performed honestly. There are real elements in him, as in the Siberian bloodhound, but with all his fascination he is still scarcely a domestication. The great point about the man is that he is never mean, craven, nor fawning. If you gamble in his house you gamble with your master.

A Minnesota Love Story.

A rather curious tale of romance comes from Minneapolis, Minn., and is thus told by a local paper: A gentleman of mature age and somewhat well known in musical circles boarded in the same house with a lady teacher, and is apt to be the case, fell in love with her. He paid attentions so assiduously that the lady's affections were seemingly won at last, and a marriage engagement was entered into. The parties were what is known as worldly wise, as well as affectionate, and while discussing the future they incidentally compared assets and liabilities. The gentleman had about $600, and the lady held balances amounting to $1,400. It was then determined that the head of the house should purchase a lot in an eligible position, the fiancee agreeing to contribute her $1,400 toward the construction of a $2,000 residence. The agreement seemed satisfactory in every respect, and the gentleman at once consulted an architect, had the plans drawn, and engaged a well-known builder to do the work on the new house, which was to cover any amount of domestic and unalloyed felicity. When the building operations were well under way, however, the lady concluded she would visit friends at the East, and her "future husband" having no objection, she started off, taking the sum of $1,400 with her. Now comes the thrilling clause in this brief but too solemnly true narrative of love and distressed finance. Since the lady's departure she has persistently declined to answer the appealing missives of her affianced, and the work on the new house has been suspended on account of a failure to pay for the labor of the industrious and anxious contracting builder. He wanted his money, but owing to the sudden withdrawal of the $1,400 in partnership assets the unfortunate gentleman could only offer to throw the uncompleted house back on the hands of the contractor; but that gentleman is in no need of a new habitation, and this Minneapolis love story is left in very complicated and embarrassing shape.

The United States.

The statistics furnished by the United States department of agriculture reveal, in startling figures, the vast natural wealth of the country. Less than one-fifth of the entire area of the United States is occupied by farms, of which only one-fourth is under tillage. Notwithstanding the enormous wheat crop, the land which produces it is not equal in extent to the surface of South Carolina. The national crop, corn, covers a territory not larger than Virginia, and the potato crop could grow in less than the area of Delaware. In view of these figures, who can question the boundless resources of America, or look with misgiving upon her steady tide of immigration?

The practice of pinning back the skirts of ladies is said to account for the sudden change of purpose that is often noted nowadays when a lady sits down.

A KENTUCKY ROMANCE.

How Three Young Girls Were Captured and Rescued Ninety-Nine Years Ago.

It was Sunday, July 14, 1776—ninety-nine years ago—and the rudely constructed fort at Boonsboro lay in drowsy stillness on the bank of the Kentucky river. Daniel Boone and his friend and associate, Richard Callaway, had been absent since early in the morning; and the good wives, sharers in the toil of the early pioneer days, were enjoying the rest that the Sabbath brought even to the unbroken wilderness. In the grateful shade of a tree in one corner of the inclosure, sat three young girls, giving an unwonted charm to the rough evidences of civilization which had but recently forced themselves upon the primitive harmony of the surrounding scenery.

The eldest of these maidens was Elizabeth Callaway. The experiences of life rather than the observance of nature seem to have given turn to the thoughts and tastes of the early settlers, so, while the euphonious name of Bessie might have harmonized well with the murmuring river and the soft and languid aspect of nature in her summer garb, the hard, everyday life of the adventurous dwellers in the dark and bloody ground seemed to comport best with the harsher name of Betsy. So Elizabeth was known simply as Betsy Callaway—not a name suggestive of romance, yet she was withal a gentle and a loving girl, and had maiden fancies that gave the deep color of romance to one of the incidents of her life in the wilderness. She was just turned of sixteen. The other girls, younger by two years, were Fanny Callaway, fairer than her sister Betsy, and Jemima Boone. Though but fourteen years counted the lives of the two girls each had a lover who was a hardy pioneer. As evening drew near, one of the girls proposed that they should go a short distance below the fort to where a canoe was lying, and drift out upon the river to catch the rising coolness of the evening.

Hardly were they seated and prepared to push from the shore, when they detected a slight rustle in the brush, and in a moment more five stalwart and hideously painted Indians leaped to the side of the canoe. What girl of sixteen could be equal to such an emergency? Betsy Callaway, without a moment's hesitation, determined to defend the honor and the lives of herself and her young companions, and wrote her name in the annals of Kentucky. Standing erect in the canoe, she seized the paddle, and at a single blow laid open to the bone the head of the foremost savage. The other Indians pressed on, but, still undaunted, the brave girl fought them. Finally exhausted, she sank to the bottom of the canoe, and with her trembling sister and friend was dragged ashore, and hurried off to meet whatever fate might be in store for them.

The consternation at the fort can well be imagined. The fathers of the girls soon returned, and before the night closed in Daniel Boone, at the head of a party on foot, and Richard Callaway, at the head of a party on horseback, were off in pursuit. In Boone's party were Samuel Henderson, John Holder, and Flanders Callaway. As Henderson strode along he was thinking of the olive-checked heroine, Betsy Callaway; and Holder clenched his hands and ground his teeth when he thought of poor, little, frightened Fanny; and Flanders Callaway almost forgot his kith and kin for thinking of his captured Jemima Boone. We can easily smile over it now, but let any man put himself in the place of these young men and ask himself how he would feel in such a pursuit.

When the Indians started with the girls they made the younger ones take off their shoes and put on moccasins, but Betsy refused to take off her shoes, and as she walked along she ground her heel into the soil to leave a trial. Noticing this, the Indians made the whole party walk apart and deviate from the course, so as to wade through the water and destroy the trail. Then the undaunted Betsy broke off twigs and dropped them along the road; and when the savages threatened her with uplifted tomahawk if she persisted in this, she secretly tore off portions of her dress and dropped them on the road.

Boone's party soon found the trail and followed it rapidly, fearing that the girls might grow weary and be put to death. All Sunday night and all Monday the pursuit was kept up. On Tuesday morning a slender column of smoke was seen in the distance, and the experienced eye of the hunter detected the camp of the Indians. A serious difficulty now presented itself. How were the captives to be rescued without giving the captors time to kill them? There was but little time for reflection, as the Indians must quickly discover their presence. The white men were sure shots and so they picked their men, fired upon them, and then rushed into the camp to their rescue. At the moment of attack the girls were sitting at the foot of a tree; Betsy with a red bandanna handkerchief thrown over her head, while the heads of Fanny and Jemima were reclining in her lap. Betsy's olive complexion came near serving her a bad turn at this juncture, for one of the rescuing party coming suddenly upon her mistook her for an Indian, and was about to knock her brains out with the butt of his rifle when a friendly hand intervened and saved the girl from meeting her death just at the moment when she saw liberty within her reach.

The fathers and gallants carried their loved ones home in triumph, and this romance of real life in Kentucky a century ago would not be completed without the information that the dreams of love and happiness that were so cruelly disturbed were subsequently all realized. Brave Betsy Callaway became Mrs. Samuel Henderson, and lived to tell the story of her capture to her children and her children's children. Little Fanny became Mrs. John Holder, and Flanders Callaway took to his home Miss Jemima Boone, and thus cemented the friendly ties of the Boones and Callaways. It is a long time ago, nigh on to a hundred years; and all the actors in the romance have long since departed, but their memory is green with many of us yet, and we can all well afford to give a few thoughts to the event that marked their characters and the times in which they lived and loved.—*Louisville Courier.*

Oranges and Lemons.

Orange and lemon plantations, in the Mediterranean countries, are called gardens, and vary in size, the smallest containing only a small number of trees, and the largest many thousands. The fruit is gathered in baskets similar to peach baskets, lined with canvas, the basket being held by a strap attached and passed around the neck or shoulders. From the garden the fruit goes to the repacking magazine, where it is removed from the boxes, in which it was packed in the gardens, and repacked for shipment by experienced female packers, after having been carefully assorted by women, and wrapped in separate papers by young girls. As many as 500 persons, mostly women and children, are employed by some of the fruit growers in their gardens and magazines, for gathering, sorting, and repacking for shipment, the wages paid them varying from nine to sixteen cents a day. A full grown orange tree yields from five hundred to two thousand fruit annually, and arrives at the bearing state in three or five years, as does the lemon tree. In sorting, every fruit that wants a stem is rejected. The boxes are then securely covered, strapped, and marked with the brand of the grower, when they are ready for shipment. Twenty years ago this trade was nothing in its commercial characteristics, or the inducements it offered to capitalists. Now it is progressing with giant strides into prominence, and is a considerable source of revenue to the government.

A Broker of the Future.

When a Detroit newsboy got hold of the information that the big New York bankers had failed he called a number of his best friends together at the post-office, and said: "See here, you fellers. There's another big bust-up in New York. Peanuts, harvest apples, jaw-breakers, and gum will kite right up, and if you've got any money you want to lump around and get in ahead of the panic." And they "humped."

THE REGULAR TRAMP.

A Vivid Pen Picture of the Wandering Vagabond—His Habits and Haunts—Fingerboards for Followers.

The visitor to the country, this summer, who happens to be of an observing turn of mind, will notice lounging along the highways and byways of almost any neighborhood he may resort to in the Atlantic States, a slouching figure clad in the motley of mendicancy, with a certain uncertainty of manner, a furtive, half-defiant, half-cringing air, and a stealthy, sidelong glance that at once attracts attention and repels interest.

This creature is the tramp. New to our country side, he is yet fast becoming a familiar object even in the most retired and out-of-the-way places, where, but a few years since, his very name was unknown. He exhibits the same character everywhere, or, rather, the same phases of character under similar conditions, for, though he can fawn and whine where he thinks abasement will be safer or more serviceable, yet at some lone farm house, where he has only frightened women to deal with, the bluster of the low-browed brute is savage and importunate.

He is generally seen alone, though a chance encounter with an old pal occasionally leads to a temporary partnership in vagabondage. But the tramp is naturally unsocial, his being a form of misery that does not love company, and drink, or bad temper, or both, generally forbid friendships extending beyond a few days. But he sometimes has another sort of companion, one who cannot leave when drink makes him disagreeable or dangerous, one who has no refuge from his rage but the grave. On a summer evening the tramp may happen to be seen stretched at full length on some bit of grass by the road side, smoking a stumpy black pipe, while a forlorn, limp and haggard semblance of womanhood bends over the brands of a chip fire, or gathers in a greasy old kerchief the munched and mumbled remnants of a beggar's meal—a second-hand and third-hand saving that stands, in the life of this wretched being, in place of all the sweet uses of household economy. Unless there is something in the presence of the approaching party to forbid such an exhibition, the chances are the tramp will take opportunity when two or three people are passing by to display his brutality by hurling foul words, or a stick, or a stone at the unhappy slave who would fain hide herself behind him. If such an assault comes, she bears it as one used to similar attacks, shrinking and clutching her ragged shawl closer about her throat, perhaps, but making no moan nor raising her head. Her face is rarely seen; her eyes, never. Whether those windows of the soul hide the consciousness of awful depths of degradation, or whether the light of expression has gone out, none will ever know.

Our observer, if faithful to his calling, will find the tramp has a curious habit of poking about the roots of a tree by the wayside, or the foot of a telegraph pole or gate post, and, if care is taken in watching him, he may be frequently seen engaged in this occupation either quite early or quite late in the day. Examine the place where he has been searching, and close scrutiny may reveal three or four cabalistic characters rudely scratched on the wood or stone, a cross, or a dot in the center of a circle or square, triangle, signs resembling phonography, or other signs looking more like printers' proof marks. These are the tramps' guideboards, the blazed trees of the path, the trail of his hunting expeditions. They tell him that the next turn leads to a rich place, where he can safely ask for money; that the poor soldier is a good dodge to try in another direction; that the farmer on the right keeps a savage dog, that a cully crib, or house of resort for tramps, can be found in the village on the canal. The tramp not only studies these indications for his own instruction, but he is bound by "the rules of the road" to record such of his own experiences as may be of use to those who follow.

Crafty, shifty, sly, cunning in all the tricks of his trade, the tramp will beg, steal, live in the poorhouse, take a turn in prison, or starve if it comes to that, but never will do a stroke of work in this world. He is here in our midst, and our community has got him to provide for. We ought to see about the work by proper legal enactments forthwith. He should be taken care of by such means as will prevent the increase of his tribe and the waste of his depredations. His destructive thefts, his terrible recklessness in the use of fire, and his occasional outbreaks of spite, render his methods of taking care of himself altogether too costly to be endured. Besides, he is a disgusting and a dreadful nuisance, and ought to be abated.

United States Expenses.

The aggregate expenses of the United States government for the fiscal year ended June 30 last, exclusive of interest on the public debt, were in round numbers $274,500,000. In his annual report to Congress in December last, Secretary Bristow estimated the ordinary expenses for the year at $275,314,000. This estimate is said to be the closest approach to the actual expenses ever made. In a dispatch of June 17, it was stated that the aggregate expenses would not exceed $276,000,000, and that the total receipts for the year would be at least $289,000,000. The actual receipts for the year from customs and internal revenue were $260,267,189. The receipts from miscellaneous sources have not yet been ascertained, but it is safe to say they will aggregate at least $23,000,000. The estimate of the secretary put the receipts from that source at $27,000,000. It is now certain that the excess of receipts over expenditures for the last fiscal year will be at least $15,000,000, and may reach $17,000,000. In the fiscal year ended June 30, 1874, the excess of receipts was $2,344,000.

Why Some People are Poor.

Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles.

Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength.

Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed until the potatoes are worthless.

Brooms are never hung up and are soon spoiled.

Nice handled knives are put into hot water.

The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, and the bread pan is left with the dough sticking to it.

Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.

Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.

Dried fruits are not taken care of in season and become wormy.

Rags, strings and paper are thrown into the fire.

Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.

Bits of meat, vegetables, and cold puddings, are thrown away, when they might be warmed, steamed, and served as good as new.

Ravages of Squirrels.

O. P. F. Kallenbach made a raid a few days ago on the squirrels which abound in the neighborhood of French Camp, near Stockton, Cal., and prey upon the wheat fields, from which they are gathering their winter's supplies. He informs us that there is an army of the pests constantly on the move transporting the wheat from the fields to their dens. One of the most active of the army of transportation, whose jaws were distended with plunder, was shot, and from his mouth was taken a small handful of choice, plump wheat. Kallenbach had the curiosity to count the grains, and found they numbered 662 and weighed a few grains over one ounce. It is calculated that an able-bodied squirrel that will attend strictly to business will steal and transport to his underground warehouse a pound of wheat per day. With his relatives, he would get away with a ton, worth to-day $42. A person, from this, can form some idea of the damage the millions of rodents are doing in the country, for they are all industriously at work.

The squire who married a couple at Jersey City, N. J., took the last penny the poor bride had, and compelled the sheriff and his deputy to make up the balance of the fee, will no doubt die rich.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

The secret service agents seized four hundred barrels of illicit whisky in Chicago, which was stored away at the time of the raids last spring.....Divers at work on the wreck of the steamer Schiller have recovered $100,000 of her treasure.....The barge Braley broke loose from a tow of the propeller Allegheny, on Lake Erie, and it is supposed to have gone to pieces. The crew of five persons have probably perished. The Braley belonged at Saginaw.....Reports from Scioto county, Ohio, state that three thousand acres of corn in that county were washed entirely away by the flood. The crop promised a yield of sixty bushels to the acre..... The Central Pacific railroad officials have finished the investigation into the accounts of Woodruff, *alias* Moler, one of their officials, and find the deficit to be about $1,000,000. Woodruff has gone to China.....The bishop of Faderborn who was deposed from his functions by the Prussian law courts and has since been interned in Wesels, has without permission quitted that town. On leaving he addressed a letter to the governor of the district, ass